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RELATING

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AND APPLETON, BALEM, MASS.

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Historical Collections.

VOL. I.

AUGUST 1, 1822.

NO. 3.

*A Topographical and Historical Account of Peterborough,
N. H.—By Rev. ELIJAH DUNBAR, A. M., Honorary
Member of the New-York Historical Society.*

S. H. S. Nov. 26or.

PETERBOROUGH is situated in latitude 42° 52' N. bounded N. by Hancock and Greenfield, E. by Greenfield and Temple, S. by Sharon, and W. by Jaffrey and Dublin. It lies mid-way between Amherst and Keene, being 20 miles distant from each—from Portsmouth 75, from Boston 60, from Concord 40, and from Washington-City 510. The town was granted by Massachusetts by their resolves of the 16th January and 16th of June, 1738, during the administration of his Excellency Jonathan Belcher, to Samuel Haywood and other proprietors, on the usual conditions. The actual survey was completed May 21st, of the same year, on the plan of 6 miles square.

The first settlement took place as early as 1742, by William Robbe, Alexander Scott, Hugh Gregg, William Scott, and Samuel Stinson.* Some of these had brought their families into the settlement, but they were compelled to retire in 1744, on occasion of the war which then commenced and did not terminate till 1748. They returned after an absence of 5 years. A large accession of settlers from Lunenburg, Londonderry and other places soon joined them. The first child baptized in this town was *Catharine*, daughter of Hugh Gregg, the now aged and venerable mother of Gov. James Miller, in 1743. The first male child born here was John Ritchie, Feb. 22 1751, who died in the service of his country at Cambridge, in 1776. The first settlers of Peterborough were Scotch Presbyterians, ~~natives of~~ Ireland or their immediate descendants. Wholly unused to the clearing and cultivation of wild lands, they endured great hardships. Their nearest grist mill was at Townsend, 25 miles dis

*Thomas Morrison commenced his settlement in 1744.

tant—their road a line of marked trees. There were no settlements on this side Keene or Amherst, and from Peterborough to Canada was a continued forest. To sleep in safety, they resorted to a log garrison—but, happily, were never disturbed by the natives. The woods were filled with deer and other game; the river stored with salmon and other fish.

Peterborough lies in a N. E. direction from the Grand Monadnock, and is bounded on the east by a chain of hills called *Pack Monadnock*. The river Contocook runs in a northerly direction through the centre of the town, affording several good privileges for mills and factories. A branch from Dublin, originating partly from waters near the Monadnock and partly from a large pond in the S. E. corner of Nelson and the S. W. corner of Hancock, affords a never failing supply of water, and furnishes those noble falls on which are situated several factories, and particularly the long known mills and factories of the Hon. Samuel Smith. There are extensive and valuable meadows on this branch, above these falls; and the soil, generally throughout the town, is excellent. In its natural state, the forests in the vicinity of the southern branch were composed of large and lofty pines—the hills, on the east, crowned with majestic oaks, and the intermediate lands principally clothed with hard wood and other valuable timber.

In the centre of the town, is a high hill on which stands the present and where stood the first meeting-house, at an elevation of 200 feet above the river. The chain of hills on the east is distinguished by two principal summits. Between these summits is a depression of a quarter part of the mountain's height. About 60 rods W. of the ridge or summit of this depression, on an embenchment of the mountain, is a *pond* of about 9 acres extent, very deep and replenished with fish, at an elevation of 200 feet above the site of the meeting house. There is also another pond near the foot of the southern summit of 33 acres which contains no fish, and from which, during the dry season, there is no visible outlet. The southern summit terminates abruptly at the southern extremity with marks of violent disruption, forming what is termed the *Notch in the Mountain*. The county road passes through this aperture. The hill rises again in Sharon; and the chain, with some depressions and variations, continues for several miles. There are rocks, in

several places, which afford indications of sulphur, and crumble, on being exposed to the action of the sun and air. Iron ore of an excellent quality has been discovered—but, as yet, in small quantities.

Besides the medicinal plants, common here, when a new settlement, but now seldom seen, Cohush, Gimseng, (*panax trifolium*) &c. there is found here in a singular piece of meadow which nearly overspreads a pond, of about an acre's extent, large quantities of a rare and valuable plant, or root, called *Buck Bean*, (*menyanthes*.) This pond or meadow is surrounded on all sides by sand hills and pines—and the depth of the water has never been ascertained.

The surface of the town being much varied with hills, vales, meadows, great swells of land, brooks and rivulets, while the larger streams are broken by falls and rapid in their course—the air and waters are pure; the inhabitants remarkably healthy; no sweeping sickness has ever been experienced to any considerable extent. The first settlers generally attained to more than eighty years—several to almost an hundred—and it is supposed there are now living here more than thirty persons whose ages would average 75 years.

The oldest on the catalogue of longevity (except the late Mrs. Cunningham who deceased in her 99th year) is Mr. John Morrison, who died June 14, 1776, in the 98th year of his age. Mr. Morrison retained his faculties till within a short time of his death. He was remarkably intelligent and his memory very retentive. He, with his parents and family, were in the City, and his age 10 years, at the famous siege of *Londonderry*. The trying scenes he witnessed in youth, a peculiar native eloquence, his pleasing urbanity of manners, venerable age and correctness and respectability of character, rendered his society interesting and instructive. To this day, a strong traditionary impression of the horrors of that siege and of the happy consequences of the victory of the *Boyne*, (1690,) inspires a deep hatred of religious bigotry and endears the memory of *William 3d*, who on that memorable day, when *Schomberg* had fallen at his side, led the army to battle and bravely exposed his person to the storm of war. Nothing material occurred to interrupt the prosperity of the settlement, after the return of the settlers in 1749 till the war of 1755. Several of the young men in this place, were then enlisted in Rogers'

company of Rangers. On the 13th March, 1758, *six* of this number fell in one unfortunate moment, by an Indian ambuscade, near *Lake George*; viz. John Stewart, Robert M'Nee, John Dinsmoor, Charles M'Coy, David Wallace and William Wilson. Alexander Robbe and Samuel Cunningham, afterwards captains in the militia, alone escaped of this brave, but unfortunate band. The loss of so many young men in an infant settlement was very sensibly and severely felt. But it is a matter equally remarkable, that during the revolutionary war, out of the numbers, who occupied, occasionally, the post of danger or were enlisted in the service, though several perished by sickness, not one died in battle. No less than 17 from this place were present at the battle of Bunker's hill, and 25 at Bennington.

The town of Peterborough was incorporated in 1760. From the first settlement the people were occasionally supplied with preaching by ministers belonging to the Presbytery and by neighboring Congregational clergymen. A Presbyterian minister by the name of Johnston came with the first settlers and tarried with them about a year. Another by the name of Harvey supplied the desk for a time. Rev. John Morrison, the first *settled* minister, was born at *Pathfoot* in *Scotland*, May 22, 1743; graduated at *Edinburgh*, Feb. 1765; arrived at *Boston* in May, the same year, and was ordained at *Peterborough* Nov. 26, 1766. He relinquished his connection with this society in March, 1772—visited *South Carolina*, returned, joined the army at *Cambridge* in 1775 and immediately after the *Bunker hill* battle went over to the King's army in *Boston* and died at *Charleston*, S. C. Dec. 10, 1782. Rev. David Annan, the second settled minister, was born at *Cupar of Fife* in *Scotland*, April 4, 1754, came to *America* in youth, was educated at *New-Brunswick College*, N. J., was ordained for *Peterborough* and at the call of the people here by the Presbytery which met at *Walkill*, N. J. Oct. 1778, and was dismissed from his pastoral connection with this society, at his own request, by the Presbytery of *Londonderry* at their June session here, in 1792, in the 14th year of his ministry. After preaching in various places he returned to visit his relatives in *Scotland* in 1801, passed over to *Ireland* and died there in 1802. The church embodied in the congregational order and ordained their present minister, Oct. 23, 1799.

A small number has ever since remained who prefer

the presbyterian mode. The congregational church, animated by a spirit of conciliation and desirous to accommodate their brethren, have ever been in the habit of communing with them once a year in their mode ; and they have always, hitherto, contributed to the regular support of the congregational worship ; attending, usually, on public services. The professors of the standing order, including the Presbyterians, constitute a church of about 200 members. Till of late years, there were no sectarians in this place. A small Baptist society has been formed, of which scarcely a solitary individual was born here. They may amount to 15 persons. None have excused themselves from the support of public worship as Methodists or Universalists. Mr. John Ferguson commenced the first school, taught in this place, about the year 1751. Spelling books had not then been introduced. Besides the Bible, the school books were these—the primer, the psalter and the testament. Mr. Ferguson was the town clerk, was much respected and continued his useful labours till his decease, May 3, 1769, in his 65th year.

The first representative of Peterborough was deacon Samuel Moore, elected in 1775. William Smith, Esq. was delegated to the Provincial Congress in 1774. The gentlemen first separated to the office of deacons or ruling elders were William M'Nee, William Smith, Esq. Samuel Moore and Samuel Mitchel. These all adorned their profession and died in faith. They were consecrated by Rev. Robert Annan of Boston, in 1778. The gentleman first commissioned here as justice of the peace was Hugh Wilson, Esq. a respectable magistrate. The late venerable William Smith, Esq. sustained this office with reputation for many years. His son, the late highly respected and much lamented John Smith, Esq. long filled the seat of justice—was many years the representative and officiated as a ruling elder ; a man of great benevolence, liberal and enlarged views, singular integrity and uncommon penetration. Peterborough has produced a goodly number to adorn the bench, the bar and the pulpit—the legislature, the hall of Congress and the chair of state. And heroism has flourished here as in its native soil. It might be invidious to speak of living merit—let a memorial of departed worth be exhibited. We barely mention the brave Col. Andrew Todd, distinguished in the wars of 1744 and 1755, as he resided till near the

close of life at Londonderry and made this place the retreat of his old age, and his dormitory. Suffice it to say, he entered deeply into the feelings of our revolutionary patriots and gave this as his parting charge to a grandson marching to Bennington—"Never turn your back to the enemies of your country." The taper of life now glimmered in the socket, and he expired Sept. 15, 1777, in his 80th year. Capt. William Scott, son of Alexander Scott, one of the first settlers, was born at Townsend, Mass. in May, 1743. He was noted not only for military enterprize but for his success in the forest—his victories over the bear and the catamount. In 1758 and 1759 he was a soldier in the war in Canada. He was a Lieut. in the battle of Bunker Hill in the regiment commanded by Col. (afterwards Gen.) Stark. He had gone on the preceding night with the first party to throw up the entrenchments. He was severely wounded by a shot which fractured his leg soon after the first landing of the enemy. He fought resolutely till the retreat—when, being one of the last who attempted to leave the ground, he received four additional wounds and fell. He was captured, conveyed to Boston, and lodged in the jail—where the severity of his sufferings were, in some degree, alleviated by the friendly offices of the Rev. Mr. Morrison, and he eventually recovered—though the other wounded officers, his companions, died—was taken to Halifax on the evacuation of Boston, 17th March, 1776, and was there rigorously confined till the 19th June, when, by undermining the prison, he with several others escaped, and on 19th of August arrived at Boston. Having joined his regiment at New-York, he was in Fort Washington at its surrender, Nov. 16, 1776, and was the only person who escaped. The enemy did not take possession of the fort till the next morning. In the night he swam the Hudson, there a mile in width, notwithstanding the season and the distance.

Lieut. Scott received a captain's commission Jan. 1st, 1777, in Col. Henley's regiment, Massachusetts line, afterwards Col. Henry Jackson's. Burgoyne was now making a rapid progress in the North, while Capt. Scott was at Boston on the recruiting service. He repaired to the post of danger as a volunteer, and contributed his services on that interesting occasion towards those happy results so ardently desired, so gloriously realized.

He was with Gen. Sullivan at the battle on Rhode-

Island and served in the army with his two sons till he resigned in 1781; and entered on the naval service on board the *Dane* frigate and served in that and other ships of war till the peace. His son David died in the 6th year of his service; the other* still survives.

In 1792, Capt. Scott's courage and humanity were severely tested in a most perilous conjuncture, thus narrated in the news from Philadelphia under date of July 2d.

"Yesterday at half past three o'clock, commenced a most tremendous hurricane which lasted 15 minutes." The writer after describing the scene in general terms proceeds to state—"a boat from this city to the Jersey shore was upset within 50 rods of Cooper's wharf. There were in the boat Capt. Scott, Mr. Blake, his wife and four small children, a young woman and Mr. Betis; in all 9 persons—none of whom could swim but Capt. Scott. The captain, by the most astonishing and praiseworthy exertions, was able, providentially, to save them all. He swam ashore with one child hanging round his neck and one to each arm, and he returned to the boat amidst the boisterous waves raging in a furious and frightful manner and brought the others who had with much difficulty held by the boat, safe to the land."

In 1793, he had an appointment in the suite of Gen. Lincoln and the other commissioners who went to settle a treaty with the six nations of Indians at or near Sandusky—when his health was impaired. In 1796, he was connected with a party in surveying lands on the Black river, near Lake Erie and in the vicinity of the smaller lakes. This party was attacked by the lake fever and the captain returned with a division of the sick to Port Stanwix. Finding it difficult to procure any to go back after the sick persons left behind in the wilderness, he determined to go himself—though strongly dissuaded by the physician who affirmed that he could not return alive. Capt. Scott replied, "I think I shall—but if not, my life is no better than theirs." He succeeded in his benevolent attempt, but died on the 10th day after his return at Litchfield, N. Y. Sept. 19, 1796, in his 54th year.

Lieut. William Robbe, 7th son of William Robbe and Agnes Patterson, his wife, was born at Sudbury, Mass. November 22, 1730, and came with his father and family to Peterborough when he was 10 or 12 years of age.

*John Scott, Esq. who has kindly furnished these facts.

His mother had supposed herself cured in her youth of the King's Evil by a man reputed to be a *seventh son*, who traversed Ireland, as it was said, at his majesty's expence, and performed, it was believed, the most marvellous cures in that obstinate disorder, by gently rubbing the diseased person in the throat with his naked hand, and, instead of taking a reward, bestowing a piece of silver. The first fruit of Mrs. Robbe's marriage was a daughter—then seven sons in succession—then another daughter. Mrs. Robbe fully believed her son William, by the circumstances of his birth, endued with the power of curing the King's Evil. She was a woman of most excellent and amiable spirit, and once put her life to the utmost hazard by applying her mouth to the wound on the leg of a young man, produced by the bite of a venomous serpent, and sucking out the poison. The young man was saved and lived to be a great blessing and ornament to society—and she escaped uninjured. She charged her son to attend gratuitously on all who should apply to him for relief and to give each a piece of silver. Lieut. Robbe never refused his assistance to any who applied—but the applications becoming numerous and frequent, occasioned no small expence of time and money. At length, he determined to remove to a more retired situation, and had actually removed his goods to a house and farm he had purchased at Stoddard—then a new settlement. On the first night after his arrival, the house from some unknown cause, took fire and consumed his property—and the misfortunes he sustained in regard to his cattle and crops soon induced him to return and resume his former course of incessant trouble and expence. He met with no more misfortunes, always enjoyed a comfortable support and lived to a good old age. He was a man of a very amiable, disinterested disposition, of modest, unassuming manners and of inflexible uprightness.—When questioned as to his supposed extraordinary powers, though he acknowledged the undeniable effects which in many cases almost immediately followed the application of his hand, he would by no means pretend to assign the reason—saying that 'he knew no more about it than others.' It was stated by the late Dr. John Young, an eminent practitioner in medicine, in Peterborough, for more than 40 years—that infant children afflicted with scrofulous affections and tumours—too obstinate to yield to medical aid, did receive an almost immediately percepti-

ble and an effectual relief by an application to Lieut. Robbe. The cause, he observed, he could not assign, but he could testify in the *negative* that the age of the patients rendered it certain that the effect did not proceed from any influence on their imaginations.

Full of days, in full possession of his mental powers—in patient and pious submission to the will of God, this truly excellent and worthy man sunk slowly and gradually into the grave. And after he was unable to lift his feeble hands, they were guided by others to give the healing application to the unhappy victims of disease. It would require a volume to record the extraordinary cures which have been ascribed to his instrumentality. He died universally respected and lamented June 8, 1815, in the 85th year of his age.

A case of supposed demoniacal agency and possession occurred here 52 years ago, which astonished the divines of that day; and a tale might be told not inferior to the narratives in Mather's *Magnalia*, or the more recent statements in Southey's life of Wesley. But the memoir of Lieut. Robbe contains as much of the marvellous as will be swallowed by modern credulity. Well attested facts are stubborn things; individuals, however, are left to make their own inferences. Some will side with Grotius and Dr. Mather;—others with Rev. Hugh Farmer and Dr. Priestley.

The general character of the inhabitants of Peterborough is that of enterprize, industry and intelligence. Intemperance and the grosser vices are scarcely known, and there is not an individual here who professes to disbelieve the christian religion. The principal village is situated between the great bridge and the bridge over the western branch, and in the immediate vicinity; within the compass of half a mile. Here are situated 3 cotton factories, including Mr. Smith's extensive establishment, his cotton factory, oil mill, fulling mill and paper manufactory. His mansion, on the eastern side of the main river, commands a pleasing view of the principal buildings. Two miles south are situated a cotton factory and a woollen factory. About the same distance north, another cotton factory. Besides these, there are, on the various streams, several grist and saw mills.

The publick buildings are the congregational meeting house, six school houses and a small baptist meeting house.

The Social Library contains a handsome selection of well chosen books.

The Peterborough Bible Society was established Oct. 2d, 1814, and is not connected with any other Society. John Smith, Esq. held the office of President, till his death, Aug. 7, 1821. This office is now filled by the Hon. Samuel Smith. To the funds of this society, an unsolicited and unexpected donation was generously presented in 1815, by his Honour William Phillips, Esq. Lt. Governor of Massachusetts.

NOTES.

Note to p. 133.

The following is a list of the graduates from Peterborough at the several Colleges, since 1781.

Hon. Jeremiah Smith—late Chief Justice and Governor.

Hon. James Wilson—late M. C.

Hon. John Wilson—late M. C. from Maine.

Jesse Smith, M. D. Professor at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Reuben D. Mussey, M. D. Professor at Hanover.

Rev. Messrs. Walter Little, William Ritchie, James Porter and Joseph Bracket.

Attornies or students at law—Stephen Mitchel, John Stuart, Charles J. Stuart, Jonathan Smith, James Wilson, jun. and 4 young gentlemen by the name of Steele.—Amasa Edes, preceptor of the Academy, New-Ipswich.—Charles White, a young man of superior talents, designed for the ministry, died at sea in returning from New-Orleans.

Note, p. 133.

The following is a list of the soldiers from Peterborough in the war of 1755.

In 1755. * James Turner, Samuel Wallace, William Swan.

In 1756. Thomas Cunningham, Samuel Cunningham.

In 1757. Charles M'Coy, John Stuart, David Wallace, William Wilson, Robert M'Nee, John Dinsmoor, (slain 13th March 1758), Alexander Robbe, Samuel Cunningham, (escaped) Alexander Scott, Thomas Cunningham, (not in battle.)

In 1758. William Scott, *Jeremiah Swan, Samuel Stinson, Alexander Scott.

In 1759. Robert Wilson, Daniel Allat, John Taggart, William Scott, George M'Leod.

In 1760. Samuel Gregg, John Taggart, Samuel Cunningham, William Cunningham, Moor Stinson, Henry Ferguson, John Swan, William Scott, Solomon Turner, John Turner, *John Hogg, *David Scott. N. B. The two last broke out, in returning, with the small pox and died at home. The others asterized died in Camp.

List of soldiers from Peterborough at Bunker hill, 17th June, 1775. Capt. Wm. Scott, Lieut. *Wm. Scott, *George M'Leod, James Hackley, *John Graham, David Scott, James Scott, Thomas

Scott, David Robbe, *Randal M'Alester, John Taggart, Samuel Mitchel, Thomas Morrison, David Allat, Thomas Green, Joseph Henderson, Richard Gilchrist. N. B. Those asterized were wounded.—Ensign William Cochran, John Swan and Jonathan Barnet were on duty, but not in the battle—Rev. Mr. Morrison remained in camp and excused himself from accompanying his friends, alleging that the lock of his gun was so injured as to be useless. Shortly after, he passed over to Boston. M'Alester and Green were severely wounded. Green, in a fainting and almost expiring state, was saved by his friend Gilchrist, who transported him on his back from Bunker hill to Medford.

Soldiers from Peterborough in the revolutionary war.

1775. At Cambridge, 26th 1775. Nov. for do. (6 weeks) 16. 1776. (for 3 years, and during the war) June, for Ticonderoga, 11. 1776. Aug. for New-York, 7. 1776. Dec. for do. 8, 1777. May, for Ticonderoga, 8.

At Bennington Battle the soldiers from Peterborough and New-Ipswich formed a company under the command of Capt. _____ of New-Ipswich, and Lieut. Samuel Cunningham of Peterborough. Several miles from the main army, they fell into an ambushment of tories. Cunningham's coolness and consummate address supplied the want of numbers and of an equal, open contest. With the voice of a lion he called on one of the officers to bring up a body of 500 men to flank the enemy. The tories fled, left behind them their baggage and plunder—and an open, unmolested road to the army. In this encounter Hon. Jeremiah Smith, then a private, and several others were wounded.

1777. Capture of Burgoyne, 25. 1778. At Rhode-Island, 10.

None of these died in battle. A number died of the diseases of the camp and the fatigues of war. Of these, 4 perished at Cambridge, and 3 detached from Cambridge to Canada, on the retreat subsequent to the fall of Montgomery.

Note to p. 136.

This occurred at Lunenburg, Mass. Peterborough, like Ireland, contains no venomous reptiles.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.

From a petition for an act of incorporation, dated Oct. 31, 1759, in the Secretary's office, signed by Thomas Morrison, Jonathan Morrison, and Thomas Cunningham, inhabitants of Peterborough, it appears that that town was settled several years earlier than the date of its first settlement given in the preceding account. The petitioners say "that about the year of our Lord 1739, a number of persons in consequence of a grant of a tract of land had and obtained from the Great and General Court or Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts Bay by Samuel Haywood and others, granting to them the tract of land on certain conditions of settlement, in pursuance whereof, a number of people went on to said land and began a settlement, though then very far from any other inhabitants."

The petitioners further say "we have continued increasing since the year, 1739, except some times when we left said township for fear of being destroyed by the enemy who several times drove us from our settlements soon after we began, and almost ruined many of us."

NOTICE OF REV. ELIJAH FLETCHER.

Rev. Elijah Fletcher was the the second Congregational minister in Hopkinton, and of five who have been regularly inducted into office in that town, is the only one who has died in the ministry.—He was son of Mr. Timothy Fletcher, of Westford, Mass. who was a descendant from William Fletcher, one of the first inhabitants of Chelmsford, where he settled in 1653, and was one of the first selectmen chosen in that place. It is thought that he was a native of England; that after coming to this country he resided a short time at Concord, from whence it seems he went to Chelmsford. The mother of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, was Bridget Richardson, born April 23, 1726, daughter of Capt. Zachariah Richardson of Chelmsford, who died March 22, 1776, aged 80. Capt. R. was grand son of Capt. Josiah Richardson, another of the first settlers of Chelmsford, a man of distinction and worth, who died July 22, 1695.

Mr. Fletcher received his education at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1769.—He prepared himself for the Ministry and was ordained at Hopkinton, January 27, 1773. His ministerial course was not of long duration.—He died April 8, 1786, aged 39. Mr. Fletcher was a good scholar and was esteemed an able preacher. We have never met with any of his publications, excepting a volume of Hymns and Spiritual Songs composed by his mother, to which he prefixed a preface, and at the earnest solicitations of her friends published in the year 1774. The hymns contained in this volume, of which very few copies are to be found, were written without any view to publication, and can claim no reputation for their poetical merits, but may be recommended for their ardent piety and devotional feeling.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

HONORABLE JOSIAH BARTLETT,

One of the Delegates who signed the Declaration of Independence, and the first Governor of New-Hampshire.

JOSIAH BARTLETT was a native of Amesbury in Massachusetts, where he was born in November, 1729. His ancestors were of Norman origin, and came to England with William, Duke of Normandy, afterwards King of England, and settled in the south of that island. A branch of this family came to America during the 17th century, and settled at Beverly in Massachusetts. The great grand father of Governor Bartlett, whose name was John, lived in Beverly and had several sons, one of whom, named Richard, came and settled at Newbury. He had eight sons and two daughters. Stephen, his fifth son, settled in Amesbury, Ms. His wife, the mother of Gov. B. was a Webster. Stephen Bartlett had five sons and one daughter, of whom Josiah, who is the subject of this memoir, was the fourth son. The whole family were esteemed for good sense, for their regular and moral deportment and quick perception.

Josiah was early put to learn the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages, which he did with considerable rapidity, having a quick perception and tenacious memory. At the age of 16, he was placed with a Doctor Ordway of the town, and a distant relation, to commence the study of physic. At that time, it was customary for the inhabitants of the colonies to adopt the customs of the parent country so far as their means would admit; one of which was, that students in medicine should study from five to seven years with a physician before they could be considered qualified to practice for themselves. The preparatory custom deviated from the English through necessity. Mr. Bartlett soon exhausted Dr. Ordway's scanty library, and was obliged to have recourse to the libraries of neighboring gentlemen, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Webster, an able and learned divine, who was settled at Salisbury, Ms. a few miles distant from his father's residence. Mr. Webster, who was a distant maternal relation, was a gentleman of good understanding, and liberal mind, and possessed a valuable library of choice

books for those days ; and when he became acquainted with Mr. B. was highly attached to him, generously gave him the loan of his library, gave him much information on literary subjects and formed a lasting friendship which ceased only with life.

The Bartlett family were puritans ; in their religious creeds, calvinistic, the prevailing doctrine among the dissenters both in England and America. Mr. Bartlett while young entertained doubts of the correctness of these principles, and during a greater part of his life, was a believer in the free agency and moral accountability of man.

When Dr. Bartlett had completed his medical education in 1750, at the age of 21, he commenced the practice of his profession at Kingston. He took lodgings with the Rev. Joseph Secombe, a pious and well informed minister, who was then settled in Kingston, having a decent library, with many valuable books, to which he always had free access. He came to Kingston in the year 1750. In the year 1752, he was taken sick with a fever which would have proved fatal to him had not his own reason counteracted the hackneyed modes of his attendant physician. After the fever had extended to a length approaching a crisis, his strength much exhausted by a warm and stimulating regimen, added to seclusion from the air and the violence of a severe fever—his physician pronounced his disorder fatal, and he probably would have died ; but that night he prevailed upon two young men who watched with him to draw a quart of cider and give it to him as he should direct. They at first peremptorily declined, as being contrary to medical orders and from fear of being accessaries to his death. His arguments and importunities however prevailed : he took about half a tea-cup full at a time, at intervals through the night ; each draught cooled the fever, invigorated his body, calmed the sensorial perturbations and made him evidently better ; so that in the morning the powers of nature became so revived as to throw out a plentiful perspiration, and checked the fever, to the great joy of all concerned. Ever after this event, Dr. B. was a great observer of nature in all diseases and never was bound to dogmatical medical rules in prescribing for his patients. Having emancipated his mind from the trammels of arbitrary rules he founded his practice upon the details of nature and experience—readily perceiving the love of Deity

to all his works; in giving to the mind a benificent pleasure in goodness, directed by conscience and reason: and to the body the *vis medicatrix natura*, instead of traditionary rules. With these principles, Dr. B. began his career of public usefulness, accurately discriminating between error and truth. He soon became popular as a physician, and secured a large share of practice both lucrative and honorable to himself, and highly useful to the people. Dr. B. first discovered that the Peruvian bark was so highly useful in curing the canker, or *angina maligna tonsillaris*, which then raged for the second or third time since its first commencement at Kingston, and which he discovered to be a highly *putrid* instead of *inflammatory* disease, as the physicians had before believed it to be, and fatally treated it as such.

Early in the spring of 1735 a distemper originated in Kingston, which eluded all the powers of the physicians of that period. It was called the *throat distemper*, and was said to originate with a man by the name of Clough, who in April of that year had a swine taken sick with a complaint in its throat and died. Mr. Clough skinned the hog and opened it. Soon after he was taken sick with a complaint in his throat, and died suddenly. Early in May the same year two children of Deac. Elkins were taken with the *cynanche maligna* and died suddenly. Immediately after some children of a Mr. Webster died with it. From these points it soon spread every way ranging through most of the families, not according to the effects of contagion or qualities of soil, but to appearances entirely fortuitous, until most of the families lost nearly all their children under ten years of age. The disease was so suddenly mortal that death often took place in twelve hours from the attack. It is related of children that while sitting up at play they would fall and expire with their play things in their hands. A family by the name of Abbot had three children buried in one grave: many others had two, and some lost all their children of four or five. This disease was as fatal as the plague in warm climates, with equal distress to the families. It appeared to be entirely new, and not understood, although in some ancient authors a similar disease has been mentioned. The depleting and antiphlogistic course of practice was pursued with almost invariable death, and all physicians were entirely at a loss for a successful method of cure. This disease at that time, like the spot-

ted fever since, possessed its greatest virulence at its first appearance. In 1754 and 55, after Dr. Bartlett came into Kingstown, the disease again made its appearance, but with less malignity. He at first followed the accustomed antiphlogistic course with like ill success. He then devoted much attention to the nature of the complaint and became well satisfied that antiseptics would be useful. Soon after one of his own children was taken sick—upon whom he tried the experiment of using the Peruvian bark with a happy result. He afterwards made use of the same remedy to other children with like good effects.

Dr. Bartlett, from his integrity and decision of character, was soon designated as a magistrate, and sustained various offices from the lowest to the highest. He was also appointed by Gov. John Wentworth to the command of a regiment of militia, where he discharged his duties with much promptness and fidelity.

In the year 1765, Col. Bartlett began his political career, as representative for the town of Kingston in the legislature of this then province, Benning Wentworth being at that time Governor, who was succeeded in 1767, by Gov. John Wentworth. Col. B. having his principles well grounded upon truth, justice and philanthropy, and having no traits of sycophancy or selfish ambition in his character, was surprised at the mercenary views and actions of the Royal Governor, and more especially so to find a majority of the legislature subservient to his will. This rendered his seat rather unpleasant. Being himself a stern republican, devoted to the good of his country and people, he was obliged to act in many cases in opposition to royal policy, and be in a small minority, voting against unjust violations of right, and usurpations altogether unwarrantable.

The former Governor (Benning Wentworth) had granted charters for a number of towns, reserving some of the best rights for himself, and other good tracts for the benefit of the Episcopal Church. The new Governor re-granted several towns which his predecessor had before chartered, and granted new towns interfering with the former grants, taking especial care to make large reservations of the best lands for himself. Against such conduct there were many complaints from the injured, their friends and most others who approved of rectitude in public dealings. Most of the people were puritans in sentiment, and disliked the grants to the Church of England,

having suspicions that by artifice the British government intended to establish that kind of religion in this country. This produced jealousies and collisions between the Governor and his party, and the patriots and injured people; in which Col. Bartlett took an active part, in the then minority. A little antecedent to this time, there were jealousies between the British ministry and the people of the colonies, which arose chiefly from the rapid population and lax government of the provinces. As this colony was partly settled by private colonization societies, for the sake of speculation, and partly from individual adventurers, who emigrated from personal considerations—the British government paid but little attention to them; neither did it aid or protect them according to the expectations of the settlers. For this cause, the settlers were under the necessity of associating themselves at first under a government of their own, for mutual protection and accommodation; afterwards, when they became more populous, their government and laws were either directly or indirectly sanctioned by the parent government. The progressive growth of the colonies was propitious to, and laid the seeds for, a future independence.

The ostensible cause of the mutual bickerings between the mother country and her American colonies, was that she had been at great expence in carrying on the war in Nova Scotia and Canada in the year 1760, and that the colonies ought to be taxed to help repay the general expence; consequently, they imposed the famous *stamp tax* so memorable in the annals of those times. This tax was resisted by the colonies; the stamp officers were burnt in effigy, their characters defamed, their persons insulted, and so many obstacles appeared, that the parliament of Great-Britain repealed the act in 1766. The colonies justified their resistance upon the ground that they were arbitrarily taxed, unrepresented and not consulted; that they had furnished their quota of men and proportion of the expence of that war; that they were the greatest sufferers; that they had furnished troops at their own expence who were sent to reduce Cuba and make conquests for the English, where most of them perished, without any advantage to themselves; that they were forced to protect themselves against the hostility of the Indians in their early settlements, without assistance from England, when most needed; and now, when able to protect their own territories, England officiously pretended

to aid them while they were making their own conquests. They said that they were willing to tax themselves in all just cases for the common benefit of both countries ; or even to submit to taxes not levied by a common parliament, where they could be represented : but that taxes imposed by the British Government without their having any voice in it, or even being consulted, were arbitrary, unjust, and fit only to be borne by slaves, and which, as Englishmen, they were bound to resist.

The British King (Geo. III.) was too much under the influence of his ministers. His aged tutor, Lord Bute, was then alive, and possessed his early tyrannical principles. Lord North was at the head of the ministry, a large majority of whom were of the same unyielding principles as Lord Bute. The consequence was a renewal of the taxes, and in 1772 duties were imposed on tea used in America. Their merchants sent out vast cargoes of teas that the duties might be collected ; and pedlers were employed to distribute it throughout the country towns in New-England. The tea tax was resisted as well as the stamp tax. In Boston, a number of men dressed and disguised as Indians, went in the night on board of some of the tea ships and destroyed 342 chests of tea. In Kingston, a pedlar by the name of Graham, supposed to be an Englishman, arrived in the spring of 1774, sold tea in many houses, and in many more gave it away in small quantities to the women privately. When their husbands and others discovered it, and found he lodged that night at a tavern, they assembled and surrounded the house, while the pedler, to avoid their fury, leaped from a window and ran about half a mile into a thick swamp. They secured all his tea, caught him the next day, collected what tea he had sold or given away, placed it altogether under an elm near the tavern, set it on fire in presence of a large concourse of spectators, and the pedler was constrained to witness the conflagration of this taxable commodity, under repeated huzzas of "liberty and no taxes." while the tree was dubbed with the name of *Liberty tree*. Graham was glad to make good his escape from the fury of the populace, who had, however, done him no other injury than to frighten him severely for his temerity. These anecdotes shew the height of popular enthusiasm against what were considered the unjustifiable measures of the British ministry.

Gov. John Wentworth, soon after his appointment, find-

ing Dr. Bartlett to be an influential member of the assembly, appointed him a justice of the peace ; but he was not to be allured from his duty and principles by executive baubles, for at the June session in 1768, he resolutely opposed the grant called for by the Governor.

The current of discord between England and America continued flowing with increased strength until the year 1774 ; and continued bickerings between the Assembly and the Governor gave constant accessions to the minority. To prevent their becoming a majority, the Governor issued a *mandamus* and called three or four of his firm friends into the house, amongst whom was a Col. Trenton. This gentleman was bold and overbearing in the House, so much so that he disgusted many of the wavering members. This political manœuvre highly exasperated the assembly against the Governor, and Trenton had to bear no small share of their vengeance. A succession of events continued by impositions and resistance until publick affairs appeared alarming. Dr. B. was a constant and active member—private meetings of the leaders of the opposition were held, at which some of the people attended. Dr. Bartlett, Dr. Thompson, a member from Dover, Col. Giddinge and Col. Nathaniel Folsom, from Exeter, were the principal leaders in the house. A committee of correspondence was chosen, who corresponded with a like committee in Massachusetts. A general congress of all the colonies who would join was proposed, to consult upon measures to be taken, and was agreed to by many of the states. They were to meet at Philadelphia in Sept. 1774. A committee of safety was appointed, of which Col. Weare was chosen President, and Col. Thompson, Secretary. In the spring of 1774, the congress at Exeter met and elected Dr. Bartlett and John Pickering, Esq. a lawyer of Portsmouth. He declined the appointment. Dr. B. having lost his house by fire, also declined. Col. Folsom and Gen. Sullivan were then appointed, who attended.

The King's message to the Parliament on the 7th of March ; the Boston Port Bill of 31st of March ; the New-England Riot Bill of April 15th ; the arrival of Gen. Gage with troops and military stores, May 13th, and his proclamation, 29th of June 1774—were all portentous of great events to the American colonies. Although the people had been enured to hardship, and nursed in the cradle of alarms ; although adversity was their compan-

ion, and danger their constant inmate, yet when a war with their parent country was in full glare upon their minds, a tremulous thrill of fear damped their ardent enthusiasm, until the shedding of American blood re-kindled their indignation.

Many could not withstand such obvious precursors of a civil war; and this formed a line of demarkation, which divided the people into two classes. Those whose patriotism and resolution were equal to meet the threatened storm, were termed *Whigs*; those whose fears overpowered their reason, or whose sentiments were more favorable to monarchy, or where interest or ambition led them to espouse the cause of England, were called *Tories*, and were watched with suspicious vigilance by the Whigs. The continual collisions between the Governor and Assembly caused the former to prorogue them frequently until the next year 1775, when it became manifest from the obstinacy of the Parliament of Great Britain and the royal Governors, that either a civil war or submission to slavery must take place.

In February, 1775, Dr. Bartlett received a letter from the clerk of the court of common pleas under Governor Wentworth, notifying him that his name was erased from the Commission of the Peace for the county of Rockingham; also another of the same date from the Deputy Secretary, notifying him that the Governor with advice of counsel had dismissed him from his command in the militia. Col. Thompson and several other leaders of the Whigs were also politely honored in the same way.— This year imposed arduous duties upon the committee of safety, several of whom, and among the rest Col. Bartlett, belonged to the Colonial Assembly, in which a strong majority had become opposed to Gov. Wentworth. He prorogued the House—dissolved them—sent for a new one—prorogued them—and the difficulty with Trenton was such, that his house was assailed by the populace at Portsmouth, demanding Trenton, who had resorted there for protection—a cannon was brought and placed before it, and they both took refuge on board the Fowey man of war, lying in the harbor. Dr. Bartlett and his companions had a constant and double duty to perform in the Assembly—as Committee of Safety, and in the provincial Congress, called at Exeter. They were, however, soon relieved from the former, when Gov. Wentworth sent

his secretary to the assembly and dissolved them—this being the last official act of royalty in New-Hampshire.

In September, 1775, Col. Bartlett was appointed to command a regiment by the Provincial Congress, of which Matthew Thornton was president. The committee of safety were continued by choice of the Provincial Congress, and had full executive and legislative powers granted them in the recess of this congress. They planned a re-organization of the State; framed an oath of allegiance, and required all to take it; those who refused, were confined until they did. This oath was called in pleasantry the "*Chevaux de frise*."

In the summer of 1775, Col. Bartlett was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, and repaired to Philadelphia in September. He remained there until March, when he returned home, and after a short stay returned to Philadelphia again, where he remained until the 17th of May. Col. Bartlett's task was arduous and fatiguing. Congress met at 9, A. M. and sat till 4, P. M., then dined. He was afterwards on committee till 8, 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening. The increasing prospect of untried events, in which their lives, their families, and estates were put to the hazard—the death of their late valuable President—the death of Gen. Montgomery—the ravages of the infuriated enemy—their unjustifiable destruction of an innocent people, together with the thoughts of his distant family, who were not in an eligible situation in consequence of his recent loss by fire; all conspired to depress his mind. He however sustained these cares with a consciousness of the justice of his cause, and a reliance on the goodness of the Supreme disposer of all events, which confirmed his perseverance in duty.

In July, 1776, Congress declared the Independence of America. This subject had been some time in agitation, and freely discussed in Congress. The British partizans in Philadelphia endeavoured to influence the members against it, and some of them opposed it with moderation; but the more firm and zealous patriots urged it warmly and used every argument for it. They finally found they could carry a majority on the first of July. It was, however, discussed every day until the fourth, to obtain as unanimous a vote as possible; when on that day they thought proper to take the vote, beginning with the northernmost state, or New-Hampshire. Col. Bartlett's name was first called, who answered in the affirmative. The

other states were then called in rotation until they came to Georgia. The President of Congress, John Hancock, first signed the declaration, and Col. Bartlett next—he being the first who voted for, and first after the President who signed it.

In the spring of the year 1776, the French government deputed an agent to contract a friendly alliance with the struggling colonies, which was formed, and proved of the greatest benefit to this country. The brave Marquis de la Fayette and other distinguished Frenchmen joined our armies in 1778, and contributed their services to the cause of freedom. Large supplies of arms and ammunition were soon received, and the heroick genius of the country was invigorated and supported. These supplies from France and the friendly spirit of her government towards this country, brought on high-toned remonstrances from the British government, which finally resulted in open hostilities between England and France, in 1778.

Col. Bartlett returned from Congress in 1776, worn down with fatigues and ill health, and did not again attend their sittings until 1778. In the meantime, however, he was engaged in other publick duties at home, and also in providing for the forces of the intrepid Stark at Bennington—his troops being solely under the control of New-Hampshire.*

In May, 1778, Col. Bartlett again attended as a delegate at Congress, which sat at Yorktown, the enemy then occupying Philadelphia. He went in company with Mr. John Wentworth, who was so unwell that he could not long attend Congress, and returned the first of August. After the enemy evacuated Philadelphia, Congress adjourned to meet there again the first of July. The delegates dispersed from Yorktown at different times and in different companies, at their convenience. Col. B. set off with his servant only with him, there being a wood of considerable space through which they were obliged to pass. This wood was infested with a band of robbers, supposed to be about twenty in number, who plundered all that travelled through it. At such times of violence, people who had been driven from their homes and occupations by the movements of contending armies, resorted to like violence, upon the weary traveller, to obtain subsistence; or perhaps some renegado to

*See Life of Stark, p. 62 of this work.

ries, who were then called "cow-boys," might compose this band. When they had arrived at the tavern near the wood, and stopped to refresh themselves and horses, they were informed that it was dangerous to pass alone; that the robbers were very active about that time, and related an anecdote of the paymaster of the army, who took a large quantity of paper money from Yorktown a few weeks before to the army under Gen. Washington. This gentleman was an officer in the army; he was alone, and on approaching the wood he learned the active spirit and supposed number of the robbers. Finding it would not be safe for him to attempt to pass in his present character, he put off his military uniform and every appearance of rank; took an old shabby looking horse, saddle, bridle and farmer's saddle bags, in which he stowed his money, and also a Quaker hat and dress, without any side arms, and set off on a country Quaker's jog. When he had arrived at a certain part of the forest he was met by two of the band, who accosted him with the salutation of "stop—deliver!" He saw others around at a distance in the wood; his presence of mind and equanimity were equal to the task, and assuming the Quaker air and seriousness, he told them that he had not much money; but that if they had a better right to it than himself and family, they might take it; he then spoke of religious and moral duties, at the same time taking from his pocket a few small silver and copper pieces which he offered to them. They were so completely deceived by this manœuvre that one observed to the other, he was 'a poor Quaker, not worth robbing,' and they let him pass on without touching his money. He saluted them with a "farewell," and went on in his old jog, passed through and carried his money safely to the army.

While Col. B. and his attendant were refreshing themselves, several more delegates, with their servants, came in. They all prepared their side arms and setting off together, passed without any interruption.

When they arrived at Philadelphia, they found great alterations made by the enemy in that city. and among other things, they discovered the arts the British were taking to sway the opinions of the Americans and lead them by their credulity and vanity, as well as to force them by physical power, into subjugation. They had tried a pretended spirit of reconciliation in the year 1776, by Lords Howe and Clinton, when Congress deputed Dr. Franklin,

Mr. Adams, and Mr. Rutledge to meet them. Their intention at that time was more to lessen the enthusiasm of the populace in favour of liberty, and bias their sentiments against the revolutionary principles, than to come to an equitable accommodation. They tried to impose upon the credulity of the Americans through the medium of a paper printed in New-York, commonly known among the Whigs at that time by the name of "*Rivington Lying Gazette*," which was spread as widely as possible, and attempts made to induce American printers to copy from it through the medium of the tories. They had tried the venality of the leading citizens and publick officers, as instanced in Gen. Arnold. They now tried the force of fashion among the vain and weaker part of the community. Publick sentiment in all communities, and also manners and customs, are swayed by the ideal tyrant, Fashion. We, as colonies, were nurtured under this imaginary phantom, emanating from the parent country and continually changing. Since the non-intercourse with England our customary habits had remained nearly the same, except a few changes recommended by the government as to tea, to mourning, and to domestic manufactured cloth. But after the British troops entered Philadelphia, the ladies attendant on their army, taught the American ladies there the use of high head-dresses, crape cushions, and other extravagancies of London fashions. When the British evacuated the city, the ladies of the tory families always appeared with their fashionable apparatus, while the gentlemen had dismissed their small round hats and substituted the large three cornered cocked hats. These customs began to gain upon the other citizens. To check their progress, and ridicule the custom, some of the citizens dressed a negro wench in the full costume of loyal ladies, sent her to the place of resort where the fashionables met, and seated her in the most conspicuous place; afterward they carried her through the city in all her costume, to the great chagrin of the devotees of the visionary divinity. Notwithstanding this, the fashion prevailed and became general throughout America for a time.

Soon after Congress returned to Philadelphia, the French ambassador made his entrée and was acknowledged and received as such by the American Congress. He was polite, affable and quite amicable, paying his visits of friendship to the delegation of each state successively,

and requesting a diplomatick visit from all the delegates together. A short time after, two private gentlemen, a Prussian and a Spaniard, came to reside near the American court. They did not appear as ambassadors, but were considered as such *incognito*, for they kept up a correspondence with their respective courts. They were very friendly and treated our authorities with much politeness and respect. In October following, news reached Philadelphia of war being declared between France and England.

In November, Col. Bartlett returned home in order to attend to his domestick concerns, which had suffered greatly, through the want of his care and attention. In 1779, he was appointed chief justice of the common pleas. In 1780, he was appointed muster master to muster the troops then raising for three years and during the war. In 1782, on the resignation of Judge Thornton, he was appointed a justice of the superior court, which office he held until he was appointed chief justice in 1788.

In 1783, the British ministry recognized the independence of the North American colonies, after about eight years ineffectual struggle to subjugate them. They had learned the invincible powers of a virtuous, hardy people, of sound republican principles, able to withstand the dangers of war with its privations, as well as the seductions of vanity, vice and luxury—who were led by a band of patriots of real Roman greatness, formed in plain virtue and pure love of liberty.

In 1787, the convention assembled at New-York to devise a plan for the government of the confederation. At this convention, although many of the old patriots were delegates, there were several younger ones who had not formed their opinions wholly under the revolutionary school, and many systems of a general stable form of government were proposed. Some were for modifying the government supported by force, some would establish checks and balances, and some would have it supported only by the publick opinion. This latter opinion prevailed, and all the aristocratick principles of the former were discarded, such as titles, long durations in office, &c. This plan of government, proposed by the convention, was finally adopted by all the states and began its operation in 1789. Col. Bartlett was an active member of the convention for adopting it in 1788; and was chosen a senator to congress with Col. Langdon in 1789. This

office he declined accepting, through the infirmities of age.

The Hon. Josiah Bartlett was elected President of New-Hampshire in June, 1790. In this office, he continued until June, 1793; when he was elected the first governor of the state. In this office, as in all others, his duties were promptly and faithfully discharged. He was a ruler, in whom the wise placed confidence, and of whom even the captious could find nothing to complain.

In 1794, Governor Bartlett retired from the chair of Chief Magistrate of the state. On the 29th of January, he addressed the following letter to the Legislature, at their winter session of 1793—4.

"Gentlemen of the Legislature,

After having served the publick for a number of years to the best of my abilities in the various offices to which I have had the honor to be appointed, I think it proper before your adjournment to signify to you, and through you to my fellow citizens at large that I now find myself so far advanced in life, that it will be expedient for me at the close of the session to retire from the cares and fatigues of publick business, to the repose of a private life, with a grateful sense of the repeated marks of trust and confidence that my fellow citizens have reposed in me, and with my best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of the State.

I am, gentlemen, your most obedient

and very humble servant,

JOSIAH BARTLETT."

*"To the President of the Senate and
Speaker of the House of Represent-
atives, to be communicated."*

On the nineteenth of May, 1795, this distinguished patriot paid the debt of nature, being in the 65th year of his age. The following just description of his character is extracted from the sermon preached at his interment, by the Rev. Dr. THAYER. "His mind was quick and penetrating, his memory tenacious, his judgment sound and perspective: his natural temper was open, humane and compassionate. In all his dealings, he was scrupulously just, and faithful in the performance of all his engagements. These shining talents, accompanied with distinguished probity, early in life recommended him to the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens. But

few persons, by their own merit, without the influence of family or party connections, have risen from one degree of honor and confidence to another, as he did; - and fewer still have been the instances, in which a succession of honorable and important offices even to the highest, have been held by any man with less envy; or executed with more general approbation."

The wife of Governor Bartlett, was a lady of Kingston, of the name of Bartlett. She was a woman of excellent character, and an ornament to society. She died in 1739, six years previous to the death of Gov. B. The sons of Gov. Bartlett are distinguished among our most eminent citizens. From one of them (the Hon. LEVI BARTLETT, of Kingston) we have received the materials for the above notice of a man, whom the citizens of New-Hampshire will ever revere as the undaunted advocate of their liberties, and the patron of their institutions.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

HONORABLE JOHN DUDLEY.

It has been lately reported that a gentleman in Massachusetts, of the name of Dudley, is heir at law of the Earldom of Leicester: and some very sage estimates of the value of his inheritance have appeared in our newspapers.

There have been Dudleys in this country, who would not exchange the titles and privileges of an American citizen, for the brightest coronet that glitters in Europe: and we trust there are many of that name still among us, who prefer the title of a *freeman* to that of a *lord*, and would rather till the soil of a republick, than cringe in the courts of kings, or rule in a court of their own.

To those who are well read in the history of England, it is unnecessary to say, that much of innocent blood has been shed there on the scaffold; or that many heads and hearts loathsome in guilt and black with pollution, have been severed at the block. That several of the Dudleys

have bowed to the axe of the executioner is therefore neither evidence of their worth or vileness, of their infamy or honor.

~~Edward~~^{Edmund} Dudley was of "a good family and eloquent;" he was a lawyer and privy counsellor to Henry VII. and speaker of the House of Commons in 1505. He retained the favour of his sovereign to the last, and was of eminent service to him in the accumulation of his wealth. Henry VIII. inherited his father's treasures, but not his father's friendships; and among the earliest acts of his reign, was that of sending Dudley to the scaffold.

John, the son of Edward Dudley, was, in the reign of Edward VI. made Earl of Warwick, and, in 1551, Duke of Northumberland. He fell in the vain attempt to raise his daughter-in-law, the lady Jane Grey, wife of lord Guilford Dudley, to the throne, as successor of Edward, and was beheaded by order of Queen Mary, February 23, 1554.

Sir Robert Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, by whom in 1564, he was made Baron of Denbigh and Earl of Leicester. But he survived the favour of his royal mistress, and died in retirement in 1588.

Gov. Thomas Dudley, who came with the first settlers of Massachusetts to this country, in 1630, was, according to tradition, a descendant and probably a great grandson of the Duke of Northumberland. He was an honest, energetic, good man, of whom not a little has been said; but much more should be known of him; and we cannot but indulge a hope that even now, after a lapse of two centuries, many materials may be collected towards a more particular sketch of the lives and characters of the first settlers of this country, than any with which we have been favored. Mr. Dudley was at three different periods governor of Massachusetts, and continued in the magistracy from the time of his arrival to his death, which occurred July 31, 1653, in the 77th year of his age. "He was," says Dr. C. Mather, "a gentleman whose natural and acquired abilities, joined with his excellent moral qualities, entitled him to all the great respects with which his country on all opportunities treated him."

Rev. Samuel Dudley, son of Governor Dudley, received his education in England, and was settled in the ministry at Exeter, in this state, in the year 1650, where he spent the remainder of his days in usefulness and honor,

and died in 1683, aged 77. His son Stephen Dudley married Sarah Gilman, daughter of Hon. John Gilman of Exeter, Dec. 24, 1684. Mr. Gilman was of the royal council for the Province. His father, John Gilman, came into this state soon after its first settlement, and among his descendants in every generation have been men who have done honour to their country, and whom their country has delighted to honour. James Dudley, the third son of Stephen Dudley, was born June 11, 1690. He married Sarah Folsom of Exeter, where he lived and died. He had four sons and four daughters, whom he educated in habits of industry and morality.

The Hon. JOHN DUDLEY, the principal subject of this article, and the third son of James Dudley, was born April 9, 1725. His parents were unable to afford him the advantages of what is now considered a common school education. He learned to read, and that was the extent of his learning till he went to live as a hired man with Col. Daniel Gilman, a cousin of his father, and the grandfather of Gov. Gilman. The colonel soon perceived, that young Dudley had a mind susceptible and desirous of improvement, and gave him such advantages in his family as were gratifying to his thirst for knowledge, and in some measure remedied his want of an earlier education. In these good old times, there was not such an insuperable barrier between the kitchen and the parlor, as modern wisdom or pride has erected. Col. Gilman was a man of much respectability and influence; but he did not conceive that the men in his employ were degraded by their employment, or, that he was degraded by associating with them for their benefit and instruction. It is undoubtedly true, that while this country was under the royal jurisdiction, there was much less of aristocratic pride in the intercourse of the inhabitants with each other, than since we have enjoyed the privileges of a free government, and by our constitution, have declared that all men are born free and equal. We shall not stop to account for this inconsistency. Dudley had the benefit of the colonel's friendship and the society of his house. He made one of the social circle; and from the conversation of those, with whom he was permitted to associate, he acquired much of political and general information, which he knew how to appreciate and retain. In subsequent life, he was free to acknowledge his obligations to his master and friend, and declared that he was indebted

for all his early information upon publick affairs to the conversations of the colonel's fireside.

On leaving service, he married, Elizabeth Gilman, daughter of Caleb Gilman of Exeter, and settled in his native town as a grocer. He commenced business with favorable prospects, but soon lost what little property he had acquired, by fire. He was not however discouraged, but persevered in business and prospered. He acquired an honest popularity, and was much employed in the municipal affairs of the town.

In 1766, he removed to Raymond to a farm which he had purchased there, and engaged in agricultural pursuits and the lumber trade. In 1768, he was appointed a justice of the peace by Gov. Wentworth. He was an early, decided and constant friend to the American cause, and strenuously opposed to the encroachments of the British government upon the rights of the colonies. Those only whose memories extend back to the eventful period of '75, can describe the feelings which agitated the patriot's heart on hearing of the Lexington battle. Dudley was quick to feel and resolute to act. On receiving this intelligence, he called for his horse, but refused to wait for him and set off on foot to rally the militia of Raymond and the neighboring towns. He succeeded in collecting a considerable armed force, sent them on to the neighborhood of Boston, and proceeded himself to Exeter, then the head quarters of correct principles in this province, to consult with his friends upon the alarming posture of affairs. From this time, he lived for his country, rather than for himself or his immediate connexions, and for almost eight years of the revolutionary struggle, he never spent one week at a time with his family. He was a member of the Legislature from 1775 to 1784, and was always one of the committee of safety, who sat in the recess of the Legislature and were clothed with almost unlimited power. He was two years speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1785, he was elected a member of the Senate, but declined taking his seat. There have been men, and their number is not diminished, who could contrive to grow rich in the service of their country, even when their country was in difficulty and danger. But such was not Dudley. His aim was the public good, not private emolument. The pledge of life and fortune was not in the perilous times of '76 an unmeaning ceremony. The interests of the new born

nation often required the sacrifice of private interest, and that sacrifice was cheerfully made. After the return of peace, according to Judge Dudley's calculation, he had suffered the loss of one half the property which before the war he had accumulated. But he never repined at the loss. He was not alone in suffering; nor alone in the satisfaction that he had not suffered in vain. He considered that well expended which had gone to purchase our national independence, and that the richest patrimony which his children could inherit, was freedom from oppression, and the undisturbed enjoyment of those rights and privileges, which he, in common with his countrymen, had laboured so long, so arduously and so successfully to obtain and secure.

In addition to the offices which have already been mentioned, Mr. Dudley, in 1776, was appointed one of the justices of the court of common pleas and held a seat on the bench of that court till 1785. He had not, to be sure, a law education, but he had those qualifications without which a law education is worse than useless. He had patience, discernment, and integrity, which neither partiality nor prejudice, threat nor flattery, hope nor fear, could seduce or awe. His conduct as a judge was so highly approved by the community, that in 1785, he was appointed a judge of the superior court in the place of Judge Hubbard, and held that office till 1797, when being 72 years of age, he resigned his office and retired to private life.

There was an intimate and uninterrupted friendship between President Weare, Gov. Bartlett and Judge Dudley, from the commencement of the revolutionary war till death divided them. The judge, after his retirement from the bench, spent the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and was scarcely ever a mile from his house. He retained his intellectual faculties to the last, and devoted much of his time to the reading of the sacred scriptures, in which he took great delight, often saying that he found new evidence of the truth of the christian religion whenever he opened his bible. He was the advocate of morality, industry and economy, an enemy to deceit and hypocrisy, a friend to the poor, more especially of the honest and industrious. With a strong penetrating mind, a sound retentive memory, ^{he} ~~he~~ was an acute observer of man, and one of nature's scholars, who continued to improve till his death. He

died May 21, 1805, after a short illness (a pain in the breast) of 18 hours. His widow survived him till May 14, 1806. They left six children, four sons and two daughters.

Judge Dudley was interred in the family burying ground on the farm where he had lived in Raymond. His children have erected a stone over his grave, with the following inscription :

HON. JOHN DUDLEY

died May 21, 1805,

Æt. 80.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man."
Calmly he look'd on either world, and *here*
Saw nothing to regret, or *there*, to fear.

NOTE. It cannot be certainly known that Gov. Thomas Dudley was descended from Edmund Dudley, first mentioned in the preceding sketch, yet such is the tradition in that branch of the family who have descended from Rev. Samuel Dudley, the governor's oldest son. The learned and accurate annalist of New-England says, that Thomas Dudley was the only son of Capt. Roger Dudley ; that he was born at Nottingham in 1576 ; that he was bred in the family of the Earl of Northampton ; and that he married a gentlewoman whose extract and estate were considerable. See *Prince's Annals*, vol. II. Part II. Sec. 2.

Note on the family of President CUTTS.

The first President of New-Hampshire after it was made a royal province, was the honorable John Cutts, of whose family we find the following notice in an old record deposited in the Secretary's office.

John Cutts (or Cutt as the name is spelt in this record) was married by Mr. Danforth to Hannah Starr, July 30, 1662. His children.

John Cutts, born June 30, 1663.

Elizabeth Cutts, born Nov. 30, 1664 ; died September 28, 1665.

Hannah Cutts, born July 29, 1666.

Mary Cutts, born Nov. 17, 1669.

Samuel Cutts, born ———

President John Cutts, died March 27, 1681.

REPORT on a disease afflicting Neat Cattle in Burton, N. H.
by JAMES F. DANA, M. D. Prof. Chymistry, &c. Dartmouth College.

[Read before the N. H. Medical Society in June, 1822.]

At the last meeting of the Society, I had the honour to be appointed to visit the town of Burton in this State, and enquire into the causes of a disease to which neat cattle are there subjected; and I have now the pleasure of submitting to the Society the result of the observations which have been made in consequence of this appointment.

That part of the town, in which the disease is most prevalent, is surrounded by lofty hills and mountains; the highest part of which is a very elevated point, called *Corway-peak mount*, and is visible from a great extent of country. The predominant rock of which these hills are composed is Granite—a soft decomposing variety in which the crystals and grains of feldspar, are very large and are suffering a rapid decomposition, by which the whole is disintegrated and broken down. The loose stones consist principally of rolled masses of granite, quartz, feldspar, and some specimens of hornstone; a bed of bog ore of iron is also found here. The soil of this place is fertile and is such as we should expect to be produced by the decomposition and disintegration of Granite rocks, viz. a sandy loam, mixed occasionally with coarse gravel. No peculiar appearances were noticed in the vegetation; the usual crops raised by the farmer, grow in Burton as in other places under a similar culture and management; and probably the town would be a flourishing agricultural place if *neat cattle* could be raised and kept there. The fact is sufficiently established that young neat cattle cannot be raised there, and that cows and oxen cannot be kept there for a number of years without being afflicted with a singular and fatal disease; and it is not a little remarkable, that horses and swine have never been attacked by the complaint. Cattle are more liable to the disease at some seasons of the year than at others, and are usually attacked by it at the close of winter. The symptom which marks its commencement and progress is a loss of appetite; the animals refuse hay, grain and salt; they become feeble and much emaciated; and obstinate costiveness accompanies the disease, but the abdomen be-

comes *smaller* than in health ; the abdominal muscles are contracted towards the spine and the whole abdomen is diminished to one third its original bulk. After these symptoms have continued an indefinite time, a brisk *scouring* comes on, and the animals speedily fall away and die. For this complaint, which is very general among those cattle which have remained two or three years in the place, no remedy has been used by the inhabitants with marked benefit and uniform success ; the cattle recover only by driving them away to some other place. A satisfactory cause for the disease has not yet been ascertained, and consequently a rational mode of cure has never been adopted. Neglecting the romantick and idle tale of the dying curse pronounced on this place by a murdered Indian, we are to search for the causes of this disease in the food which the cattle eat, or in the water which they drink.

The fact that cattle are seized with the disease late in the winter seems to point to the food as a source of the evil ; and it is well known that certain plants have proved prejudicial and fatal to cattle. The *cicuta virosa* or water hemlock, was found by Linnæus to be the cause of a disease afflicting the cattle in Norway ; and here goats and *swine* were exempted from the disease ; but this plant was not observed in Burton, nor was any other vegetable discovered here which does not grow in other places in the same latitude ; and hence we do not believe that the disease is caused by the food. In confirmation of this opinion, I may adduce the fact that the hay produced in this place, causes no disease in cattle which are kept on it in the neighboring towns ; whereas hay which is brought from other places into Burton does not appear to prevent the complaint.

It has been sarcastically suggested, that cattle died in Burton because there was not a sufficient quantity of hay produced there to keep them ; but this suggestion appears to be as unjust as it is ungenerous. Hay is produced in such quantities as to be more than sufficient for the cattle. The result of my enquiries on this subject is, that there is not only a sufficient quantity of hay produced there for the use of all the stock, but that it does not contain any vegetable substance which is prejudicial to the cattle, and which may be considered as a source of the disease.

The examination of the water from various places in

Burton offers a more satisfactory result; but there are no external marks which indicate that the water is unhealthy—no sediment is found, no incrustations appear on the sides of the rivulets or springs; but on the contrary the water is clear,* transparent and colourless, and of a pleasant taste. From such properties, I despaired of detecting any substances in it by the application of chymical agents, but was happily disappointed on making the examination. A portion of water from a brook, to which the cattle have free access, was first examined. *Tincture of soap* produced cloudiness; *oxalate of ammonia* produced a slight cloudiness, and *nitrate of silver* produced a similar effect. No change occurred on the addition of *Barytic water*, solution of *Prussiate of potash*, or *tincture of galls*, or of *turmeric*. It follows from the action of these agents, that the brook water, unlike the water of most brooks, is an *hard* water and contains some saline body. From the action of oxalate of ammonia, we infer the existence of *lime*; and nitrate of silver proves the existence of *muriatic acid*; the water is then a weak solution of muriate of lime. Having ascertained the existence of minute portions of muriate of lime in brook water, an examination was made of the water procured from other sources; and water from *eleven* other places, remote from each other and from the brook above mentioned, was examined, and the same effect was produced by the same agents. The effect was more perceptible in some instances than in others, and usually greater in water from *wells* than in that from other sources. The water from two wells in particular afforded abundant precipitates with the oxalate of ammonia and nitrate of silver. The only beast, labouring under the disease while I was at Burton, drank daily from one of these wells.

The continued use of a weak and very dilute solution of muriate of lime, may, from its known properties, produce the effect now ascribed to it and be the cause of the disease. Muriate of lime, it is well known, is employed as a medicine, and like other saline medicine, acts more powerfully on the general system in *small* doses *largely* diluted, than in greater quantities and in a more concentrated state. In some diseases of the glands, it is said to have been employed with advantage, and when

*It is a common remark that the waters of Burton are remarkably clear; probably their refractive density is increased by the saline matter they contain.

first administered, improves the appetite and general strength. The latter effect is very evidently produced on cattle when first pastured in this town. If previously thin and emaciated, they speedily become fat and appear better than cattle ordinarily do, during the first season they are pastured in Burton.

It may with propriety be asked, why *horses* and *hogs* escape the disease, if it is produced by the water? A satisfactory answer is derived from the fact that horses are not suffered to remain a long time at home; they are continually absent on journies, and probably in most instances take as much water from other sources as they do from the wells and springs on the farms to which they belong. Hogs take but small quantities of water, and from the mixed and heterogeneous kinds of food given to them, they must frequently take such saline substances as will counteract the effects produced by the minute portions of *muriate of lime*.

If the disease arises, as is supposed, from the saline contents of the water, we can easily explain the fact that its attacks are most frequent in the winter. It is then that they usually receive water from wells, which are proved by experiment to be most strongly impregnated; and then also springs are generally low and consequently contain more saline matter: nor does the food in winter tend to counteract the effects of the water, by keeping the bowels lax, which is a well known effect produced by summer and spring food.

The disease, to which the cattle in Burton are thus subjected, has been a great obstacle to the prosperity of the town; and it will probably continue to have this effect, although without doubt it may be prevented by proper attention and management. Some persons, residing in Burton, have for several years past given to their cattle during the winter season, a certain kind of *mud*, and, as they affirm, with some benefit. This mud is found on a meadow, and during the summer, it is collected for use; it is made into balls as large as an ordinary potatoe and forced down the animal's throat; by it the tonic effect of the *muriate of lime* is prevented and the bowels are kept lax. I visited the spot where the mud is procured. A spring issues from the place and the water brings with it a greyish white matter which is deposited in the rill leading from the spring. This whitish substance is the matter

in question. After being heated to redness it becomes snow white; when digested in an acid, a slight effervescence occurs, a portion is dissolved, and the remainder has the character of fine white silicious sand; the portion dissolved in the acid was found by appropriate tests to be *carbonate of lime*. The effect of this substance cannot be explained on chymical principles, and doubtless depends on the general principles of the effect of laxatives in counteracting the actions of tonics.

Having embraced the idea that this disease arises from the small portion of muriate of lime dissolved in the water, I recommended to a number of the inhabitants who were assembled for the purpose of assisting me in my enquiries, to make use of *weak ley*, or *ashes* or *soap-suds* as a remedy, or rather as preventives. Either of these substances, from the carbonate of potash they contain, will decompose the muriate of lime, and carbonate of lime and muriate of potash will result from such decomposition. Now both these substances, if not quite inert in the small quantities in which they would be produced, will act as purgatives; and, as a confirmation of the general principles advanced in this paper. I was informed, on recommending *soap suds*, that the only cow which was ever raised in Burton and escaped the disease, was in the habit of frequently drinking soap suds from the tubs which contained it; and that it was consequently left for her use after family-washings. It is not a little remarkable that the inhabitants did not avail themselves of the information to be derived from this hint.

A person who formerly lived in Burton brought water from a spring situated at a distance from his house, for the use of his cattle, and they were found to thrive much more, and with greater certainty to escape the disease. Why he was induced to use this water I know not; but on examination by re-agents, it gave indications of containing *very small* quantities of muriate of lime; much less quantity indeed, than in any other water submitted to examination.

These facts and observations are now submitted to the Society, with the hope that the investigation, conducted under their auspices, may not prove wholly uninteresting and useless.

CENSUS OF 1767.

A General Account of the Number of Inhabitants of the several towns in the province of New-Hampshire, as appears by the returns of the Selectmen from each place, in the year 1767.

TOWNS.	Unmarried men from 16 to 60.	Married men from 16 to 60.	Boys 16 years and under	Men, 60 years and above.	Females unmar- ried.	Females married	Male Slaves.	Female Slaves.	Widows.	Total.
Greenland	75	98	134	23	271	117	8	9	20	805
Rochester	86	142	257	26	280	166	3	2	22	984
Gosport	27	37	79	12	59	47	2	2	19	284
Winchester	35	64	107	10	132	74	1	1	4	428
Sandown	42	81	123	8	156	89	1	0	9	509
Somersworth	87	125	299	30	291	144	19	10	39	1044
Chesterfield	30	56	107	4	104	60	0	0	4	365
Richmond	36	54	95	1	92	52	0	0	3	333
Hinsdale	18	23	36	2	50	24	6	1	4	158
Plymouth	31	31	62	0	72	31	0	0	0	227
Dunstable	32	69	151	10	180	78	2	2	7	520
Portsmouth	440	641	900	61	1340	677	124	63	220	4466
Hopkinton	37	75	141	4	182	75	0	0	9	473
New-Durham	11	25	42	2	49	26	0	0	2	157
Dover	186	217	347	39	500	239	19	9	58	1614
Parish of Madbury	54	95	162	29	220	119	1	2	13	695
Charlestown	31	44	86	4	114	48	1	0	6	334
Hampton	72	120	195	40	263	148	0	0	30	866
Candia	27	68	99	0	100	68	0	0	1	363
Londonderry	235	272	571	85	799	342	13	10	62	2389
New-Castle	50	83	146	21	167	98	11	8	22	606
Exeter	151	241	384	37	507	262	28	22	58	1690
Walpole	24	52	104	1	72	52	0	0	3	308
Plainfield	10	20	36	0	26	20	0	0	0	112
Cornish	17	21	36	0	37	22	0	0	0	133
Alstead	15	25	30	0	35	25	0	0	0	130
Claremont	13	27	50	0	40	27	0	0	0	157
Marlow	8	15	19	0	20	15	0	0	0	77
Newport	16	5	3	0	0	5	0	0	0	29
Hanover	11	26	16	0	13	26	0	0	0	92
Canaan	10	2	3	0	2	2	0	0	0	19
Lebanon	12	30	50	0	40	30	0	0	0	162
Kingston	73	133	245	23	333	160	3	1	28	999
Swanzey	23	49	82	7	96	54	1	0	8	320
Westmoreland	28	71	112	3	103	71	0	0	3	391
Keene	51	66	84	4	149	68	0	0	8	430
Monadnock No. 4	14	20	25	0	14	20	0	0	0	93
Marlborough No. 5	9	16	25	1	26	16	0	0	0	93
Gilsum	7	22	36	1	39	23	0	0	0	128
Croydon	16	9	7	0	10	9	0	0	0	51
Poplin	36	79	155	6	153	84	0	0	8	521
Newington	41	59	105	11	180	70	17	14	17	514
Dunbarton	25	39	70	6	80	45	2	0	4	271
Rye	46	109	159	16	223	126	11	7	39	736

CENSUS OF 1767.

167

TOWNS.

	Unmarried men from 16 to 60	Married men from 16 to 60	Boys 16 and under.	Men 60 and above.	Females un- married.	Females married	Male Slaves.	Female Slaves.	Widows.	Total.
Concord (formerly Rum- ford)	62	125	189	18	204	126	9	4	15	752
Kensington	62	107	166	28	250	116	0	0	24	755
Newtown	58	69	119	15	170	83	0	2	13	529
New-Market	129	182	288	28	407	198	13	16	34	1281
Boscawen	17	45	77	8	83	52	0	0	3	285
Stevenstown	18	36	55	0	62	36	1	0	2	210
Hillsborough	3	16	27	0	3	15	0	0	0	64
New-Boston	25	41	92	6	80	47	1	1	3	296
Barrington	66	161	272	18	292	170	4	0	18	1001
Hawke	30	74	109	6	178	80	1	1	9	488
Nottingham West	49	75	155	16	176	92	1	1	18	583
Hollis	81	117	223	12	227	127	1	1	20	809
Township No. 1	20	47	80	1	79	47	0	0	4	278
Mile-slip between Hollis and No. 1	4	12	15	1	24	12	0	0	0	68
Durham	104	166	272	38	386	192	21	11	42	1232
Parish of Lee	63	147	198	19	269	143	3	1	18	861
Weare town	8	50	80	2	78	50	0	0	0	268
Chester	116	163	289	31	357	190	3	1	34	1189
Stratham	73	132	196	24	295	153	7	2	34	916
South-Hampton	51	68	98	18	154	85	1	2	14	491
Wilton	27	62	100	3	92	63	0	0	3	350
Raymond	21	78	132	3	134	81	0	0	6	455
Bedford	30	43	93	13	117	51	6	3	6	362
Derryfield	9	31	59	7	81	38	0	0	5	230
Plaistow	59	71	119	23	192	92	1	1	18	576
Atkinson	51	73	92	12	143	85	4	3	13	476
Nottingham	35	107	195	10	219	116	6	6	14	708
Epsom	15	40	71	5	66	40	0	0	2	239
Gilmanton	18	47	73	0	67	44	0	0	1	250
Pembroke	49	85	134	16	169	97	0	2	5	557
Bow	17	33	50	2	50	33	0	0	2	187
Litchfield	27	20	47	13	74	33	3	9	8	234
Pelham	37	81	154	18	158	81	0	1	13	543
Salem	63	138	239	16	204	155	2	2	28	847
Windham	19	50	117	15	120	66	1	3	11	402
Hampstead	43	96	162	10	197	105	1	0	25	644
North-Hampton	28	93	142	18	189	96	0	1	16	583
East-Kingston	50	58	100	20	127	81	3	0	12	451
Epping	99	205	378	21	464	214	6	3	20	1410
Brentwood	66	142	271	22	345	163	1	1	33	1064
Canterbury	42	82	138	11	140	83	3	0	4	503
Haverhill	21	32	43	1	43	29	2	1	0	172
Orford	12	14	18	1	18	12	0	0	0	76
Peterborough	33	64	113	13	149	68	1	0	2	443
Hamptonfalls	127	188	313	33	457	208	3	3	49	1381
Lyndeborough	26	43	76	4	71	50	0	0	2	272
Monson	21	46	68	5	101	49	0	0	3	293
Amherst	63	135	200	17	270	147	6	2	18	858
Merrimack	31	65	98	8	121	65	2	1	9	400
Rindge	18	54	84	4	82	54	0	1	1	298

95 towns.

[4410|7750|12904|1160|15992|8467|384|249|1364]

Total 52,700

There were several attempts to ascertain the number of people in New-Hampshire before the above enumeration was made. Governor Wentworth was or-

dered by the British ministry to take an exact survey; but "having no fund to pay the expense, and no law to compel obedience" to the order, he was subjected to the inconvenience of delay and disappointment. The foregoing may be regarded as the first census of the people of New-Hampshire, which approached to correctness after the establishment of the lines between this province and Massachusetts, in 1741.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM GEN. GATES TO COLS. ASHLEY AND BELLOWS.

Ticonderoga, November 9th, 1776.

GENTLEMEN,

I return you, and the officers and soldiers of the regiments under your command, my sincere thanks for the spirit and expedition both you and they have shewn, in marching upon the first alarm, upwards of one hundred and fifty miles, to the support of this important pass, when threatened with an immediate attack from the enemy's army. I now dismiss you, with the honor you have so well deserved: I further certify, that neither you, nor any under your command, have received any pay or reward from me, for your services on this occasion; *that*, I leave to be settled by the General Congress, with the Convention of your State.

With great respect,

I am, gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

HORATIO GATES.

*To Col. ASHLEY and Col. BELLOWS,
commanding the regiments of Mi-
litia from the county of Cheshire,
in the State of New-Hampshire.*

Note on Amoskeag Falls, from Motte's abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions, 4to. Vol. 11, Part 4, page 112.

At a place called Amoskeag, a little above the hideous falls of Merrimaçk river, is a rock in the midst of the stream, at the top of which are a great number of pots, made exactly like barrels or hogsheads, of different capacities, some so large as to hold several tons. The natives know nothing of the time they were made, but the neighboring Indians have been wont to hide their provisions in them, in their wars with the Maquas, affirming that God had cut them out for that use, for them. They seem plainly to be artificial.

American Sketches.

THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

I.

SHADE of immortal BURNS! where'er thy home,
On Scotia's misty hills, or fixed on high,
Beyond the star-lights of the welkin dome,
Too holy, and too bright, for mortal eye,
'Mid amber streams and murmuring melody!
Great bard of lowly life! propitious bend,
And while the rustic song, unskilled, I try,
Thy love of truth and independence lend,
And with its warblings wild, thy master spirit blend.

II.

The world I've search'd, and it has many a rose—
But, ah! the thorns beneath them that remain,
Proclaim the world not destitute of woes,
And, when I look for pleasure, give but pain.
No more amid its scenes my soul restrain!
Back to my boyish days! Let memory guide
The tired and flagging spirit once again,
To scenes most dear—to hill, and rolling tide,
And that old cottage, once that graced its verdant side.

III.

Meekly arose its moss-besprinkled wall,
One ancient beech magnificently bore
Its branches o'er it, overshadowing all
The space around its hospitable door;

Within, might one behold its little store,
The plates well ranged, the shelves that neatly graced,
The chairs of oak upon the sanded floor,
The wheel industrious in its corner placed,
The clock, that hourly told, how life runs on to waste.

IV.

Once more the pensive eve with silent tread
Returns to hush the noisy world to peace;
Once more the Farmer seeks his humble shed,
Glad from his daily toil to gain release,
His task accomplished and his heart at ease,
And hails betimes the *Fireside of his cot*;
And there, as from the hills the shades increase,
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"
He tastes the simple joys, that sooth his quiet lot.

V.

His patient herd, ere set the beams of day,
With lowings oft, alarmed the neighboring plain,
Now penn'd within the well-known bars, they pay
Their milky tribute to his pails again.
His flocks upon the distant hill remain,
Their tinkling bells sound in the passing wind;
Though his be not the lordling's wide domain,
Yet fails he not a due supply to find,
From lowing herd and field, and from the bleating kind.

VI.

To greet him home, the crackling faggots burn,
The housewife, busy round the blazing fire,
Cheers with her smiles her Farmer's loved return;
His children climb around their honored sire,
And to his fond caress once more aspire;
Inquisitive, they ask of each far field,

Whether its hills, than their own cliffs are higher?
What wonders there of cascade are revealed?
What flowers enchanting bloom, what gifts the mountains
yield?

VII.

Her father's knee, his Bertha soon surmounts,
Around his neck, her tender arms she throws,
His Bertha, from whose eyes like diamond founts,
The living fire through locks of ebon glows.
Nor she alone; he on them all bestows
Alike his kisses and alike his tears,
Who bloomed, (on autumn's bosom, like the rose,
'Mid cold and storm its loveliness that rears,)
To cheer his riper age and deck his vale of years.

VIII.

To him, how blessed the closing hours of day!
His wife, his children, those that love him, near!
How sweet his cot's own hospitable ray!
How kind its welcome and its joys how dear!
The cricket chirps, the sacred scene to cheer,
The embers half illumine the humble hall,
The shaggy mastiff sleeps, devoid of fear,
The playful kitten round and round the ball
Urges with active sport, unmindfully of all.

IX.

The children mingle in Grimalkin's mirth,
And laugh and busy prattle do not spare,
Such cheerful sport, the chirper in the hearth,
Scenes, which eve returning doth repair,
Charm from the Farmer's bosom carping care,
And banish it to "blank oblivion foul."
Hark! loud and startling through the misty air,
The prowling wolf resumes his nightly howl,
And from the hollow oak is heard the muffled owl.

X.

How oft I've sought that distant, lonely cot !
A grandam dwelt there, when my days were young,
And there, when Christmas logs blazed red and hot,
And wintry blasts their nightly descant sung,
My soul delighted on her lips has hung,
As spoke she oft of dreadful deeds of yore,
How stern Wahawa, like a tiger sprung
Upon a lonely cot, and tides of gore
Were shed, as when the clouds their vernal treasures pour.

XI.

Her hands were withered, as an autumn's leaf,
Her cheeks were like a parched and shrivelled scroll,
In truth, though human life at best be brief,
She'd witnessed eighty years their circuits roll,
And friends and kindred reach their earthly goal ;
And sitting by her busy wheel to spin,
While swift the hours at evening onward stole,
We teased her oft some story to begin,
And as she moved in sooth her old, projecting chin,

XII.

She told of Mog, Madockawando, all
From Hopehood down to Paugus' frantick yell,
And, as her lips the bloody deeds recall,
And, as with upturned gaze we heard her tell,
Unconsciously the chrystal tear-drops fell,
For, from our infancy, we'd heard and read
Of chiefs from Canada, and knew full well
Of Sachem's wrath, that feasted on the dead,
And shook the haughty plume and arm with life-blood red.

XIII.

My native hills, my loved, my honored land,
Ye valleys dear, how cling my thoughts to you !
Long as my footsteps tread this earthly strand,

The throbs, that heave my bosom, shall be true,
To all the witching scenes, that childhood knew ;
'Tis joy, 'tis heaven to breathe one's natal air,
To climb the hills, decked in the morning's dew,
And bending o'er our fathers' graves to swear,
No tyrant shall disturb the dust, that slumbers there.

xiv.

Such scenes, such tales, such homebred ties can fill
With fervid extacy the raptured mind,
And teach with patriot glow the breast to thrill,
And beat to all, that's noble, generous, kind ;
One evening to that cot my steps inclined,
The giant beech-tree waved before its door,
The distant clouds were driven before the wind,
The mountain cataract was heard to roar,
Paler the tranquil moon, than foam on ocean's shore.

xv.

There too, a soldier bent his nightly way,
Who'd borne his rifle in the old French war,
And mingled oft in many a bloody fray,
And bore upon his visage many a scar ;
Weary his step, his own loved home was far,
The locks upon his silvered head were few,
His eye was like the winter's clouded star,
The arm, that once the glittering broad sword drew,
Was nerveless now with years, yet much he'd seen and
knew.

xvi.

The staff, that in his dexter hand he bore,
Was parted from an oak, whose branches spread,
Near wild Cocheco's oft remembered roar,
And bending to the Farmer's cot his tread,
He gave one rap and well his purpose sped ;
The Farmer hailed him to his lone abode,

Gave him a portion of his cup and bread,
And soon, forgetful of the tedious road,
How fields were lost and won, the aged soldier show'd.

XVII.

In Fifty-nine, on Abraham's blood-red plain,
(The veteran thus pursued his warlike tale,)
When heroes fell, like summer drops of rain,
When rival standards flashed upon the gale,
And shouts were heard, triumphant songs and wail,
Where Cadaraqui holds his giant way,
I fought with Wolfe, called from the dear-loved vale,
And dark Piscatawa's glades of green array
To cross the mountains blue to distant Canada.

XVIII.

Hard was the tug of war, severe the strife,
Plumes, swords, and ensigns swept along the field,
Full many a warrior, prodigal of life,
Too bold to flee, too proud of soul to yield,
His valor with his dearest life-blood sealed;
Slow bowed in dust, fell Lewis of Montcalm,
To neither host was triumph yet revealed,
Oh, withered be the soul, that wrought such harm,
Soon Wolfe falls bleeding low, nerveless his mighty arm.

XIX.

A soldier lifted up his drooping head,
Dim grew the ethereal flashes of his eye,
And from his breast the streams gushed darkly red,
And every gush heaved forth a blacker dye;
High rose the clamorous shout, "they fly, they fly!"
Who fly? aroused to life, the hero cried,
A thousand lips awake the joyous cry,
"The foe, the foe!" the gallant Wolfe replied,
Clasping his hands in praise, I fall content, and died.

XX.

Thus spoke the soldier! peace, ye mighty dead!
Be yours' both peace and glory, chiefs of yore!
Who clad in armour generously shed,
Where clashing steel met steel, roar answered roar,
For home and liberty your bosom's gore!
Thanks be to Him, who our brave fathers nerved,
Boldly to stand, when fiery floods came o'er,
From honour's upright path, who never swerved,
To ages then unborn, who freedom, bliss preserved.

XXI.

And though such tales were heard with many a tear,
And memory, fancy, feeling, all possest,
Yet soon, in truth, the gaiety and cheer,
That ever animate the youthful breast,
By solemn thoughts, unconquered, unsuppressed,
Awoke in sports anew; the slipper's sound,
By youth and village maiden, ne'er at rest,
Was driven through the circle round and round,
And every cheek did smile and every heart did bound.

XXII.

E'en the old soldier felt his bosom thrill
With memory of scenes, that erst he knew;
The visions of the past his spirit fill,
And as around the room the younglings flew,
At blind-man's buff, he would have joined them too,
But age to youth will not wing back its flight;
To sit and smile was all that he could do,
And bravely cry out, "wheel, and left, and right,"
To him who blinded was, and caught them, as he might.

XXIII.

At blind-man's buff, who hath not often played,
At pledges oft the moments to beguile,
When sober evening lends her peaceful shade,

When heart replies to heart, and smile to smile?
The hearth is burdened with the oaken pile,
Such, as New-Hampshire's forests well can spare;
Still flies the slipper round; a few meanwhile
The warriors of the chequer-board prepare,
The garrulous old folk draw round the fire, the chair.

XXIV.

But now the white moon, through the clouds revealed,
Doth tread the topmost arches of the sky;
The Farmer's cot, the cultivated field,
The brook, the plain, the mountain soaring high,
Beneath her beams in wild profusion lie;
The dog upon the ground hath lain his breast,
Forgotten his howl and sealed his restless eye,
The sturdy wood-cutter hath gone to rest,
The flock is on the hill, the bird is on the nest.

XXV.

Farewell, thou cottage, for 'tis late at eve,
Farewell, ye scenes to memory ever dear,
Now eld, and youth, and maiden take their leave,
Their 'kerchiefs wave, and with adieu sincere;
The rural company soon disappear,
Some through yon scattered woods, that skirt the moor,
Some to yon mountains, craggy, bold, and drear,
And by the *Cottage Fireside* once more,
Devotion lifts her voice, as she was wont of yore.

XXVI.

The patriot Farmer reads the *sacred Book*,
Then with the wife and children of his heart,
With solemn soul and reverential look,
He humbly kneels, as is the christian's part,
And worships Thee, our Father, Thee, who art,
The good man's hope, the poor man's only stay,

Who hast a balm for sorrow's keenest dart,
A smile for those, to Thee who humbly pray,
Which, like the morning sun, drives every cloud away.

XXVII.

Thou Lord of heaven above, and earth below,
Our maker, friend, our guardian, and our all,
The Farmer keep from every want and woe,
Nor let the thunderbolts, that most appal,
Of righteous vengeance dreadful on him fall;
With him, preserve his dear, his native land,
A cloud be round her, and a fiery wall,
With thy displeasure every traitor brand,
And centuries yet to come, oh, hold her in thy hand.

MRS. JOHNSON'S CAPTIVITY.

[In this Number of the Collections, we have commenced publishing a narrative of the captivity of Mrs. Johnson, who was taken from Charlestown, in the county of Cheshire, in this State, in the year 1754. The work was written many years since by a gentleman of distinguished literary reputation, and though a work of his early years, contains many just and accurate observations, on the dangers and hardships of settling a new country, and the cruelties which awaited those who were taken into captivity by the Indians.—We have thought it proper to preserve a tract of so much importance, and we presume our readers will require no apology for introducing it to their notice, when they consider that our object is to collect and preserve those things which will interest posterity.]

NARRATIVE of the captivity of Mrs. JOHNSON, of Charlestown, N. H. containing an account of her sufferings, during four years with the Indians and French.

NOTICES OF THE WILLARD FAMILY.

TO trace the progress of families, from their origin to the present day, when perhaps they are spread over the four quarters of the globe, and no memoranda are found except in the uncertain pages of memory, is a task which can be but feebly performed. In noticing the name of Willard, which was my family name, I cannot pretend to accuracy ; but the information which I have collected, will perhaps be of some service to others, who possess a greater stock ; and if the various branches of families would contribute their mites, it would be an easy way of remedying the deficiency, which at present exists in American genealogy.

The first person by the name of Willard who settled in this country, was Major Willard whose name is recorded in the history of the New-England wars. In the year sixteen hundred and seventy-five, in the time of "Philip's war," a notorious Indian, who lived within the present limits of the state of Rhode-Island, Major Willard who then lived in the town of Lancaster in Massachusetts, commanded a troop of horse ; and among his vigorous services, he relieved the town of Brookfield from the Nipnet Indians, who had burnt every house but one, and had almost reduced that to capitulation. When Lancaster was destroyed by the Indians, Major Willard removed to Salem, where he spent the rest of his days. He had two sons, one of whom was a settled minister in the town of Groton ; from which place he was driven by the Indians, and was afterwards installed in Boston. His other son, Simon, established himself on Still River, since taken from Lancaster, and incorporated into the town of Harvard. He had nine sons, Simon, Henry, Hezekiah, John, Joseph, Josiah, Samuel, Jonathan and James ; Josiah removed to Winchester in New-Hampshire, and afterwards commanded fort Dummer ; the rest inherited the substance of their father, and lived to very advanced ages in the vicinity of their birth. They all left numerous families, who spread over the United States. His eldest son, Simon, was my grandfather ; he had two sons, Aaron and Moses : Aaron lived in Lancaster, and Moses, my father, removed to Lunenburg. I ought to remark,

that my grandmother Willard, after the death of her husband, married a person by the name of Farnsworth, by whom she had three sons, who were the first settlers of Charlestown, No. 4—one of them was killed by the Indians.

My father had twelve children; he removed to Charlestown, No. 4, in 1742, and soon had the pleasure to find his children settled around him: he was killed by the Indians in 1756. My mother died in March, 1797,* and had lived to see twelve children, ninety-two grandchildren, one hundred and twenty-three great grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. The whole that survive are now settled on Connecticut River.†

* At the age of eighty-four, she busied herself in making a coverlid, which contains something of the remarkable—she did not quite complete it. It now contains upwards of five thousand pieces.

[NOTE BY THE EDITORS.

[As the above notices of the WILLARD family are in several respects erroneous and very imperfect, the editors are induced to give the following genealogical account, for the substance of which, they are indebted to a gentleman who is a descendant of the sixth generation from Major Willard.

Major SIMON WILLARD, the great ancestor of most of the name in New-England, and in the United States, emigrated from the county of Kent, in England as early as 1635. He was one of the original purchasers of Concord, in Massachusetts, from Squaw Sachem, Tahattawau and Nimrod, about the time that town was settled. He was the first Captain of Militia in that place after its organization in 1644; was afterwards appointed Major, and was successfully employed against the Indians in the time of king Philips' war. In 1654, he was chosen one of the assistants of the colony, and continued in that office a number of years. It would seem from Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, that he was living in 1692, but the time of his death, we have not ascertained. He left a numerous posterity, many of whom have been distinguished by their literary attainments and high stations in society. His children were nine sons and eight daughters, as follows:—

1. Josiah, 2. Simon, 3. Samuel, 4. Henry, 5. John, 6. Daniel, 7. Joseph, 8. Benjamin, 9. Jonathan, 10. Mary, 11. Elizabeth, 12. Dorothy,* 13. Sarah, 14. Abovehope,* 15. Mary, 16. Elizabeth, 17. Hannah. Of each of the sons we can give the following account.

1. Josiah Willard, the first son of Major Willard, lived in Weathersfield, Con. His children were Samuel, Josiah, Simon, Dorothy, Stephen,* Thomas, John,* and Hannah.

2. Simon Willard was Deacon of the first church in Salem, where he lived, and probably died. His children were Jacob, Josiah, Richard, Simon and Martha.

3. Samuel Willard graduated at Harvard college, 1659; was settled the minister of Groton about the year 1664, where he remained till the town was burnt by the Indians, in 1676, when he re-

NOTICES OF MR. JAMES JOHNSON.

In the year 1730, my great-uncle, Col. Josiah Willard, while at Boston, was invited to take a walk on the long-wharf, to view some transports who had just landed from Ireland; a number of gentlemen present were viewing the exercise of some lads, who were placed on shore, to exhibit their activity to those who wished to purchase. My uncle spied a boy of some vivacity, of about ten years of age, and who was the only one in the crew who spoke English: he bargained for him. I have never been able to learn the price; but as he was afterwards

moved to Boston. Here he was settled as colleague with Rev. Thomas Thatcher, the first minister of the old south church, April 10, 1678. He was Vice President of Harvard College, and presided over that institution from Sept. 6, 1701, till his death, Sept. 12, 1707, at the age of 68. His first wife was Eunice, daughter of the Hon. Edward Tyng, of Dunstable. His last was Mrs. Sherman, widow of Rev. John Sherman of Watertown. Mrs. Sherman was daughter of Mr. Launce, a member of Parliament, whose wife was daughter of Lord Darcy, the Earl of Rivers.—Rev. Mr. Willard had twenty children; viz. Abigail, Samuel,* Mary, John, who graduated at Harvard College in 1690; married Mrs. Sherburne; resided at Kingston, Jamaica; was the father of Rev. Samuel Willard, who was ordained at Biddeford, Me. Sept. 30, 1730, and died Oct. 1741. Rev. Samuel Willard was father of Rev. Joseph Willard, D. D. LL.D. President of Harvard College, who died Sept. 25, 1804, in his 66th year. Elizabeth,* Simon, Edward,* Josiah, Eunice,* William,* Margaret, Hannah, Eunice,* Edward,* Richard,* Edward, Edward,* and three children who died in infancy or childhood.

4. Henry Willard lived in Lancaster. He married Mary Lacking and afterwards Dorcas Cutter. He, instead of Simon W. was ancestor of Mrs. Johnson.

His children, Henry, Simon, who married Abigail Whitcomb and was the grandfather of Mrs. Johnson, John, Hezekiah, Joseph, Samuel, James, Josiah, who was one of the first settlers of Winchester and a Col. of Militia, Jonathan, Mary, Sarah, Abigail,* Susannah, Tabitha.*

5. Jonathan Willard lived in Concord. His children were David, Jonathan, Simon and Mercy.

6. Daniel Willard lived in Boston. He had Daniel, Benjamin, Edward, George, Anna, Elizabeth, Mary, Susannah, Sarah, Mehitabel.

7. Joseph Willard, of London. Nothing more is known of this branch of the family than that he had two children, viz. John and Joseph.

8. Benjamin Willard married Sarah Lacking, and lived in Grafton, Ms. He had Joseph, Simeon, Sarah, Margaret, Esther and Hannah.

9. Jonathan Willard married a Brown. He lived in Sudbury. His children were Jonathan, Mary, Hannah, Hepzibah.

Those with a star died unmarried.]

my husband, I am willing to suppose it a considerable sum. He questioned the boy respecting his parentage and descent. All the information he could get was, that young James, a considerable time previous, went to sea with his uncle, who commanded a ship and had the appearance of a man of property, that this uncle was taken sick at sea and died; immediately after his death they came in sight of this ship of Irish transports, and he was put on board. His being the only one of the crew who spoke English, and other circumstances, have led his friends to conclude that this removal on board the Irish ship, was done to facilitate the sequestration of his uncle's property. He lived with Col. Willard until he was twenty years old, and then bought the other year of his time. In 1748, Gov. Shirley gave him a lieutenant's commission under Edward Hartwell, Esq.

Situation of the Country in 1744.

It is an old maxim, that after a man is in possession of a small independent property, it is easy for him to acquire a great fortune; just so with countries;—possess them of a few inhabitants, and let those be unmolested by Indians and enemies, the land will soon swarm with inhabitants. But when a feeble band only are gathered together, and obliged to contend with pestilence, famine and the sword, their melancholy numbers will decrease and waste away. The situation of our ancestors has often been described in language that did honor to the hearts that conceived it. The boisterous ocean, with unknown shores hemmed them in on one side, and a forest, swarming with savages, yelling for their blood, threatened on the other. But the same undaunted spirit which has defended them in so many perils, buoyed them above despair in their early struggles for safety and liberty. I shall be pardoned for the digression, when I observe, that I have in all my travels felt a degree of pride in recollecting, that I belonged to a country whose valor was distinguished, and whose spirit had never been debased by servile submission.

At the age of fourteen, in 1744, I made a visit from Leominster to Charlestown, to visit my parents. Through a long wilderness from Lunenburg to Lower Ashuelot, now Swanzey, we travelled two days; a solitary house was all the mark of cultivation that occurred on the journey. Guided by marked trees, we travelled cautiously through

the gloomy forest, where now the well till'd farms occupy each rod of ground: from Ashuelot to Charlestown the passage was opposed, now by "the hill of difficulty," and now by "the slough despond." A few solitary inhabitants, who appeared the representatives of wretchedness, were scattered on the way.

When I approached the town of Charlestown, the first object that met my eyes was a party of Indians holding a war dance. A cask of rum, which the inhabitants had suffered them to partake of, had raised their spirits to all the horrid yells, and feats of distortion which characterize the nation. I was chilled at the sight, and passed tremblingly by. At this time Charlestown contained nine or ten families, who lived in huts not far distant from each other. The Indians were numerous, and associated in a friendly manner with the whites. It was the most northerly settlement on Connecticut River, and the adjacent country was terribly wild. A sawmill was erected, and the first boards were sawed while I was there: the inhabitants commemorated the event with a dance, which took place on the new boards. In those days there was such a mixture on the frontiers, of savages and settlers, without established laws to govern them, that the state of society cannot be easily described, and the impending dangers of war, where it was known that the savages would join the enemies of our country, retarded the progress of refinement and cultivation. The inhabitants of Charlestown began to erect a fort, and took some steps towards clearing their farms; but war soon checked their industry.

Charlestown.

In the year 1740, the first settlement was made in the town of Charlestown, then known by the name of No. 4, by three families who emigrated from Lunenburg, by the name of Farnsworth; that part of New-Hampshire west of Merrimack river was then a trackless wilderness. Within a few years past, instances have been known, of new townships totally uninhabited, becoming flourishing and thick settled villages in the course of six or seven years. But in those days, when government was weak, when savages were on our borders and Frenchmen in Canada, population extended with timorous and tardy paces; in the course of twelve years the families increased only to twenty-two or three. The human race will

not flourish unless fostered by the warm sunshine of peace.

During the first twenty years of its existence as a settled place, until the peace between Great-Britain and France, it suffered all the consternation and ravages of war; not that warfare which civilized nations wage with each other, but the cruel carnage of savages and Frenchmen. Sometimes engaged in the duties of the camp, at others sequestering themselves from surrounding enemies, they became familiar with danger, but not with industrious husbandry.

In the year 1744, the inhabitants began to erect a fort for their safety. When the Cape Breton war commenced, the Indians assumed the hatchet and began their depredations on Charlestown on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1746, by burning the mills, and taking Capt. John Spafford, Isaac Parker, and Stephen Farnsworth prisoners. On the second of May following Seth Putnam was killed. Two days after, Capt. Payne arrived with a troop of horse from Massachusetts, to defend the place; about twenty of his men had the curiosity to view the place where Putnam was killed, and were ambushed by the Indians. Capt. Stevens, who commanded a few men, rushed out of the fort to their relief; a sharp combat ensued, in which the Indians were routed: they left some guns and blankets on the field of action, but they carried their dead off with them, which is a policy they never omit. Ensign Obadiah Sartwell was captured, and Samuel Farnsworth, Elijah Allen, Peter Perin, Aaron Lyon and Joseph Massey fell victims to Indian vengeance.

On the 19th of June, a severe engagement took place. Capt. Brown, from Stow in Massachusetts, had previously arrived with some troops; a party of his, joined a number of Capt. Stevens' soldiers to go into the meadow after their horses. The dogs discovered an ambush, which put them in a posture for action, and gave them the advantage of the first fire. This disconcerted the savages, who being on higher ground overshot, and did but little damage to the English. The enemy were routed, and even seen to drag several dead bodies after them. They left behind them guns, spears and blankets, which sold at 40% old tenor. During the time Capt. Josiah Brown assisted in defending the fort, Jedidiah Winchel was killed, Samuel Stanhope, Cornet Baker and David Parker were wounded. During this summer, the fort was

entirely blockaded, and all were obliged to take refuge within the pickets. On the 3d day of August, one Philips was killed within a few feet of the fort, as he accidentally stepped out; at night a soldier crept to him with a rope, and he was drawn into the fort and interred. In the summer of the year 1746, Capt. Ephraim Brown from Sudbury, arrived with a troop of horse to relieve Capt. Josiah Brown. The Sudbury troop tarried about a month, and were relieved by a company commanded by Capt. Winchester, who defended the place till autumn, when the inhabitants, fatigued with watching, and weary of the dangers of the forest, deserted the place entirely for about six months. In the month of August previous to the evacuation, the Indians assisted by their brethren the French, were very troublesome and mischievous; they destroyed all the horses, hogs and cattle. An attack was made on the fort, which lasted two days. My father at this time lost ten cattle, but the people were secured behind their wooden walls, and received but little damage.

In this recess of the settlement of No. 4, the Indians and French were ice-locked in Canada, and the frontiers suffered only in apprehension. In March, 1747, Capt. Phinehas Stevens, who commanded a ranging party of about 30 men, marched to No. 4, and took possession of the fort. He found it uninjured by the enemy, and an old spaniel and a cat, who had been domesticated before the evacuation, had guarded it safely through the winter, and gave the troops a hearty welcome to their tenement.

Capt. Stevens was of eminent service to the infant settlement. In 1748, he moved his family to the place, and encouraged the settlers by his fortitude and industry. In the early part of his life, when Rutland suffered by savage vengeance, when the Rev. Mr. Willard was murdered, he was taken prisoner and carried to St. Francois. This informed him of the Indian customs, and familiarized him with their mode of warfare: he was an active, penetrating soldier, and a respectable, worthy citizen.

In a few days after the fort was taken possession of by Capt. Stevens' troops, a party of 500 French and Indians, commanded by Monsieur Debeline, sallied from their den in Canada, and made a furious attack on the fort. The battle lasted five days, and every stratagem which French policy or Indian malice could invent, was practised to reduce the garrison. Sometimes they made an onset by a

discharge of musquetry, at others they discharged fire arrows, which communicated fire to several parts of the fort. But these were insufficient to daunt the courage of the little band that were assailed. Their next step was to fill a cart with combustibles, and roll it against the walls, to communicate fire; but the English kept up such a brisk incessant fire that they were defeated in the project. At length the Monsieurs, tired with fighting, beat a parley; two Indians, formerly acquainted with Capt. Stevens, came as negociators, and wished to exchange some furs for corn; this, Capt. Stevens refused, but offered a bushel of corn for each hostage they would leave to be exchanged, at some future day. These terms were not complied with, and on the fifth day the enemy retreated, at which time the soldiers in the garrison honored them with as brisk a discharge as they could afford, to let them know that they were neither disheartened nor exhausted in ammunition. The garrison had none killed, and only one, of the name of Brown, was wounded.

Perhaps no place was ever defended with greater bravery than this fort during this action: 30 or 40 men, when attacked by 500, must have an uncommon degree of fortitude and vigilance to defend themselves during a siege of five days. But Capt. Stevens was equal to the task, and will be applauded by posterity. After the battle, he sent an express to Boston with the tidings. Gov. Charles Knowles happened then to be at Boston, and rewarded Capt. Stevens with a handsome sword, in gratitude for which the place was afterwards called *Charlestown*.

In November 1747, a body of the troops set out from the fort, to return to Massachusetts; they had not proceeded far before the Indians fired on them. Isaac Goodale and Nathaniel Gould were killed, and one Anderson taken prisoner. From this period until the end of the Cape Breton war, the fort was defended by Capt. Stevens. Soldiers passed and re-passed to Canada, but the inhabitants took sanctuary in the fort, and made but little progress in cultivation. During the Indian wars, which lasted till the year 1760, Charlestown was noted more for its feats of war, than as a place of rapid improvement. Settlers thought it more prudent to remain with their friends in safety, than risk their scalps with savage power. Since that period, it has become a flourishing village, and contains all that a rural situation affords of the useful and the pleasant; numerous farms and stately buildings now

flourish, where the savage roamed the forest. The prosperity of the town was greatly promoted by the Rev. Bulkley Olcott, who was a settled minister there about 32 years. In the character of this good man was combined the agreeable companion, the industrious citizen, and unaffected christian. During the whole of his ministry, his solicitude for the happiness of his parishioners was as conspicuous, in the benefits they received from his assistance, as in their sincere attachment to his person. As a divine he was pathetic, devout and instructive, and may with propriety be said to have

Shewn the path to Heaven, and led the way.

He was highly respected through life: in June, 1793, he died, much lamented.

Removal to Charlestown, &c.

In May 1749, we received information of the cessation of arms between Great Britain and France. I had then been married about two years, and Mr. Johnson's enterprising spirit was zealous to remove to Charlestown; in June we undertook the hazardous and fatiguing journey: we arrived safe at the fort, and found five families, who had ventured so far into the woods during hostilities.—But the gloomy forest, and the warlike appearance of the place, soon made me homesick. Two or three days after my arrival, orders came from Massachusetts to withdraw the troops: government placed confidence in the proffered peace of Frenchmen, and withdrew even the appearance of hostility. But French treachery and savage malice will ever keep pace with each other. Without even the suspicion of danger, the inhabitants went about their business of husbandry. The day the soldiers left the fort, Ensign Obadiah Sartwell went to harrow some corn, and took Enos Stevens, the fourth son of Phineas Stevens, Esq. to ride horse; my father and two brothers were at work in the meadow; early in the afternoon the Indians appeared and shot Ensign Sartwell and the horse, and took young Stevens a prisoner. In addition to this, my father and brothers were in the meadow, and we supposed they must be destroyed. My husband was gone to Northfield. In the fort were seven women and four men; the anxiety and grief we experienced was the highest imaginable. The next night we dispatched a post to Boston, to carry the news of our disaster, but my father and brothers did

not return. The next day but one my husband and five or six others arrived from Northfield. We kept close in the garrison, suffering every apprehension for ten or twelve days, when the sentry from the box cried out that troops were coming: joyful at the relief, we all mounted on the top of the fort, and among the rest discovered my father.—He, on hearing the guns, supposed the fort was destroyed, left his team in the meadow, and made the best of his way to Northfield with my two brothers. The soldiers were about thirty in number, and headed by Major Josiah Willard, of Fort Dummer. Enos Stevens was carried to Montreal, but the French commander sent him back directly, by the way of Albany. This was the last damage done the frontiers during the Cape Breton war.

Cursory Notices.

A detail of the miseries of a "frontier man," must excite the pity of every child of humanity. The gloominess of the rude forest, the distance from friends and competent defence, and the daily inroads and nocturnal yells of the hostile Indians, awaken those keen apprehensions and anxieties which conception only can picture. If the peaceful employment of husbandry is pursued, the loaded musket must stand by his side; if he visits a neighbour, or resorts on Sundays to the sacred house of prayer, the weapons of war must bear him company; at home, the distresses of a wife, and the tears of lisping children often unman the soul that real danger assailed in vain.—Those who can recollect the war that existed between France and England fifty years ago, may figure to themselves the unhappy situation of the inhabitants on the frontiers of New-Hampshire. The malice of the French in Canada and the exasperated savages that dwelt in their vicinity, rendered the tedious days and frightful nights a season of unequalled calamities. The daily reports of captured families and slaughtered friends, mingled grief with fear. Had there been an organized government, to stretch forth its protecting arm, in any case of danger, the misery might have been in a degree alleviated. But the infancy of our country did not admit of this blessing. While Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, was petitioning to England for a fleet and an army, Benning Wentworth, the supine governor of New-Hampshire, obeyed implicitly the advice of his friend Shirley, and remained inactively secure at his

seat in Portsmouth. At the commencement of the year 1745, the Quixotic expedition to Louisbourg was projected, the success of which originated from the merest accident, rather than from military valor or generalship. This drained the thinly inhabited state of New-Hampshire of most of its effective men. From that period till the peace, which took place in the year 1749, the visionary schemes of Shirley kept the best soldiers embodied in some remote place, as a force to execute some impolitic project. The conquest of Canada, and the attack upon Crown-Point, are recorded as specimens of the wild projects which were to employ the infant forces of New-England. During this time, the frontiers sustained additional miseries, by having the small forces of the state deducted for purposes which could be of no immediate service to them. The savages committed frequent depredations on the defenceless inhabitants, and the ease with which they gained their prey encouraged their boldness, and by scattering in small parties, they were able to infest the whole frontier of New-Hampshire, from Fort Dummer on Connecticut river to the lowest settlement on the Merrimack. During this war, which is known by the name of the Cape Breton war, the town of No. 4 could hardly be said to be inhabited; some adventurers had made a beginning, but few were considered as belonging to the town. Capt. Stevens, whose valor is recorded as an instance of consummate generalship, part of the time kept the fort, which afforded a shelter to the enterprising settlers in times of imminent danger. But even his vigilance did not save the town from numerous scenes of carnage. At the commencement of the peace, in 1749, the enterprising spirit of New-England rose superior to the dangers of the forest, and they began to venture innovation. The Indians, still thirsty for plunder and rapine, and regardless of the peace which their masters, the French, had concluded, kept up a flying warfare, and committed several outrages upon lives and property. This kept the increasing inhabitants in a state of alarm, for three or four years; most of the time they performed their daily work without molestation, but retreated to the fort at each returning night.

Our country has so long been exposed to Indian wars, that recitals of exploits and sufferings, of escapes and deliverances, have become both numerous and trite. The air of novelty will not be attempted in the following pa-

ges ; simple facts, unadorned, is what the reader must expect ; pity for my sufferings, and admiration at my safe return, is all that my history can excite. The aged man, while perusing, will probably turn his attention to the period when the facts took place, his memory will be refreshed with the sad tidings of his country's sufferings, which gave a daily wound to his feelings, between the years 1740 and 1760 ; by contrasting those days with the present, he may rejoice that he witnesses those times which many have "waited for, but died without a sight." Those "in early life," while they commiserate the sufferings which their parents and ancestors endured, may felicitate themselves that their lines fell in a land of peace, where neither savages nor neighboring wars molest their happiness.

CHAP. I.

Situation until August 31, 1754.

Some of the soldiers who arrived with Major Willard, with the inhabitants who bore arms, were commanded by Capt. Stevens the rest of the year 1749, and part of the following spring ; after which the inhabitants resided pretty much in the fort, until the spring or fall of the year 1752. They cultivated their land in some degree, but they put but little confidence in the savages.

The continuation of peace began by degrees to appease the resentment of the Indians, and they appeared to discover a wish for friendly intercourse. The inhabitants in No. 4, and its vicinity, relaxed their watchfulness, and ventured more boldly into their fields. Every appearance of hostility at length vanished—the Indians expressed a wish to traffic, the inhabitants laid by their fears, and thought no more of tomahawks, nor scalping-knives. Mr. Johnson now thought himself justified in removing to his farm, an hundred rods distant from the fort, which was then the uppermost settlement on Connecticut River : he pursued his occupation of trade, and the Indians made frequent visits to traffick their furs for his merchandize. He frequently credited them for blankets and other necessaries, and in most instances they were punctual in payment. During the year 1753, all was harmony and safety—settlements increased with tolerable rapidity, and the new country began to assume the appearance of cultivation.

The commencement of the year 1754 began to threaten another rupture between the French and English, and

as the dividing line between Canada and the English Colonies was the object of contention, it was readily seen that the frontier towns would be in imminent danger. But as immediate war was not expected, Mr. Johnson thought that he might risk the safety of his family, while he made a tour to Connecticut, for trade. He sat out the last of May, and his absence of three months was a tedious and a bitter season to me. Soon after his departure every body was "tremblingly alive" with fear. The Indians were reported to be on their march for our destruction, and our distance from sources of information gave full latitude for exaggeration of news, before it reached our ears. The fears of the night were horrible beyond description, and even the light of day was far from dispelling painful anxiety. While looking from the windows of my log-house and seeing my neighbors tread cautiously by each hedge and hillock, lest some secreted savage might start forth to take their scalp, my fears would baffle description. Alarms grew louder and louder, till our apprehensions were too strongly confirmed by the news of the capture of Mr. Melloon's family on Merrimack river: this reached us about the 20th of August. Imagination now saw and heard a thousand Indians; and I never went round my own house, without first looking with trembling caution by each corner, to see if a tomahawk was not raised for my destruction.

On the 24th of August I was relieved from all my fears by the arrival of my husband. He brought intelligence from Connecticut that a war was expected the next spring, but that no immediate danger was contemplated. He had made preparations to move to Northfield as soon as our stock of hay was consumed, and our dozen of swine had demolished our ample stores of grain, which would secure his family and property from the miseries and ravages of war. Our eldest son, Sylvanus, who was six years old, was in the mean time to be put to school at Springfield. Mr. Johnson brought home a large addition to his stores, and the neighbors made frequent parties at our house, to express their joy for his return, and time passed merrily off, by the aid of spirit and a ripe yard of melons. As I was in the last days of pregnancy, I could not join so heartily in their good cheer as I otherwise might. Yet in a new country, pleasure is often derived from sources unknown to those less accustomed to the woods. The return of my husband, the

relief from danger, and the crowds of happy friends, combined to render my situation peculiarly agreeable. I now boasted with exultation, that I should, with husband, friends and luxuries, live happy in spite of the fear of savages.

On the evening of the 29th of August our house was visited by a party of neighbors, who spent the time very cheerfully with watermelons and flip, till midnight; they all then retired in high spirits, except a spruce young spark, who tarried to keep company with my sister. We then went to bed with feelings well tuned for sleep, and rested with fine composure, till midway between day-break and sunrise, when we were roused by neighbor Labarree's knocking at the door, who had shouldered his axe to do a day's work for my husband. Mr. Johnson slipped on his jacket and trowsers, and stepped to the door to let him in. But by opening the door he opened a scene—terrible to describe!! Indians! Indians were the first words I heard: he sprang to his guns, but Labarree, heedless of danger, instead of closing the door to keep them out, began to rally our hired men up stairs, for not rising earlier. But in an instant a crowd of savages, fixed horribly for war, rushed furiously in. I screamed and begged my friends to ask for quarter; by this time they were all over the house; some up stairs, some hauling my sister out of bed; another had hold of me, and one was approaching Mr. Johnson, who stood in the middle of the floor to deliver himself up; but the Indian supposing that he would make resistance, and be more than his match, went to the door and brought three of his comrades, and the four bound him. I was led to the door, fainting and trembling; there stood my friend Labarree, bound; Ebenezer Farnsworth, whom they found up chamber, they were putting in the same situation; and to complete the shocking scene, my three little children were driven naked to the place where I stood. On viewing myself I found that I too was naked.—An Indian had plundered three gowns, who, on seeing my situation gave me the whole. I asked another for a petticoat, but he refused it. After what little plunder their hurry would allow them to get, was confusedly bundled up, we were ordered to march. After going about 20 rods, we fell behind a rising ground, where we halted to pack the things in a better manner; while there, a savage went back as we supposed to fire the buildings.

Farnsworth proposed to my husband to go back with him to get a quantity of pork from the cellar, to help us on our journey; but Mr. Johnson prudently replied, that by that means, the Indians might find the rum, and in a fit of intoxication kill us all. The Indian presently returned with marks of fear in his countenance,* and we were hurried on with all violence. Two savages laid hold of each of my arms, and hurried me through thorny thickets in a most unmerciful manner. I lost a shoe, and suffered exceedingly. We heard the alarm guns from the fort. This added new speed to the flight of the savages. They were apprehensive that soldiers might be sent for our relief. When we had got a mile and a half, my faintness obliged me to sit. This being observed by an Indian he drew his knife, as I supposed, to put an end to my existence. But he only cut some band, with which my gown was tied, and then pushed me on. My little children were crying; my husband and the other two men were bound, and my sister and myself were obliged to make the best of our way, with all our might. The loss of my shoe rendered travelling extremely painful. At the distance of three miles there was a general halt; the savages supposing that we, as well as themselves, might have an appetite for breakfast, gave us a loaf of bread, some raisins and apples, which they had taken from the house. While we were forcing down our scanty breakfast, a horse came in sight, known to us all by the name of Scoggin, belonging to Phineas Stevens, Esq. One of the Indians attempted to shoot him, but was prevented by Mr. Johnson. They then expressed a wish to catch him, saying, by pointing to me, for squaw to ride; my husband had previously been unbound to assist the children; he, with two Indians, caught the horse on the banks of the river. By this time my legs and feet were covered with blood, which being noticed by Mr. Labarree, he with that humanity which never forsook him, took his own stockings and presented them to me, and the Indians gave me a pair of moccasins.

[To be continued.]

*This, as we afterwards found, was occasioned by his meeting Mr. Osmer at the door of the house, who lodged in the chamber, and had secreted himself behind a box, and was then making his escape. He ran directly to the fort, and the alarm guns were fired. My father, Mr. Moses Willard, was then second in command. Capt. Stevens was for sallying out with a party for our relief; but my father begged him to desist, as the Indians made it an invariable practice to kill their prisoners when attacked.

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